

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SIXPENCE.



KING EDWARD VII. AT HOMBURG: HIS MAJESTY LEAVING FOR A RIDE UPON HIS AUTOMOBILE, IN COMPANY WITH THE GRAND DUKE OF HESSE.  
FROM A SKETCH BY A. FORESTIER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT HOMBURG.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

Mr. Alfred Davies, M.P., has discovered the philosopher's stone of public life. How to be all things to all men, and yet retain your native integrity and your cherished beliefs: no less a problem has been solved by Mr. Davies. Like all great discoveries, this is exquisitely simple. Mr. Davies has brought from Wales the magic spell of pertinacious amiability. He tells the world that he has tried it on all parties and all tempers in the House of Commons with perfect success. The most saturnine Minister melts into generous emotion when Mr. Davies plies him with questions—

The Irish tell you, with a smile,  
That Alfred D. is free from guile.  
The Tories swear they never see  
So kind a heart as Alfred D.  
The Speaker says that such a man  
Would tame the wildest partisan;  
That he could make seraphic souls  
Of Labouchere and Gibson Bowles;  
And that the Chair might take its ease,  
Were all the members Alfred D.'s.

Alas! this is only a dream, for even Wales produces such a spirit but once in a generation.

I read an article lately entitled "The Cry for Men." It was a gloomy review of our statesmen; the writer searched the highways and byways, and could detect no rising genius in public affairs. Parliament toils with unproductive energy, and there are endless schemes for improving the machinery. Why not try the method of Mr. Davies? Much futile debate might be avoided if we had a Minister of Soft Answers. Put Mr. Davies on the Treasury Bench, and let him pour the oil of courtesy on the waters that rage so suddenly below the gangway. His office would have no party significance. He would be a permanent soother. No need to cry for men when Mr. Davies was easing the Parliamentary machine by turning away wrath. He might found a school. Under the shadow of Plinlimmon young Welshmen would strive to learn from his example to be soothers and not soothsayers. We have a superabundance of men who can prophesy; we want men who can pacify. In time the Department of Soft Answers might be recruited from Ireland, and it would be a great stride towards the Millennium when the representative of County Clare was appointed to the office made illustrious by the career of Alfred Davies.

When that stage of enlightenment is reached, we may see the end of the absurd practice of summoning journalists to the Bar of the House of Commons. You cannot soothe these persons. Their nefarious trade compels them to vex our political benefactors. Mr. Davies might collect them all in Trafalgar Square, and address them on the virtue of kindness without making the smallest impression. They say the rudest things about public men, though they cannot exceed the brutal candour with which public men sometimes talk of one another. But the journalist's license may entail his appearance at the Bar of the House to apologise for a "gross breach of privilege." The apology costs him nothing, and the censure has no moral effect on the public mind. Nobody, in brief, cares a button about the "privilege" of the House of Commons, except so far as it is employed to shelter members from legal penalties. You may say anything you please in the House about the characters of people who do not sit there, and they have no remedy at law. This immunity is just, and it is not abused; but the "privilege" of the House which is violated by free criticism of the members is a foolish assumption of sanctity, and cannot be exercised without inviting ridicule, even when the criticism takes the form of groundless imputation.

A correspondent writes: "I demur to your suggestion that the officer who refused the distinction of C.B. deserves the praises of self-denial. Why should it be praiseworthy to decline an honour conferred by the Sovereign for public service? It was very well for this officer to say that he wished to do his duty without reward; but as rewards are instituted for the recognition of merit, the meritorious man who prefers to keep his virtue unadorned surely casts a slur upon the rewards, and upon the equally deserving people who have not hesitated to accept them! It is true that honours of this kind sometimes rouse evil passions. I once knew a Colonial official who was made C.M.G. He was perfectly happy until the same distinction was awarded to a fellow-official who ranked just below him. This embittered him so much that on the first public occasion when his subordinate appeared in the glory of the new decoration, he (the offended one) pinned his own to his coat-tails. As a decorated public servant, I have a different grievance. When I received my Order I had to enter into a bond of £80 for its return to the fountain of honour on my demise. So if I lost it, or the cat ate it, my family would be £80 the poorer for my death!"

This is a situation that should be exposed to the House of Commons next Session by the persuasiveness of Mr. Alfred Davies. If a man is deemed worthy of an

Order, why should he not be allowed to hand down the insignia to his posterity among his heirlooms? Why exact a miserable bond? My correspondent tells me that the actual money value of his decoration is not more than ten pounds; so if his bond should be forfeited, the Government will make a profit of seventy pounds on the transaction! Apparently there is a desire to make the same decoration serve for successive holders, until it falls to pieces with age. I should not be surprised to hear that, at a certain stage in its history, the holder has to enter into a bond to keep it in proper repair. When will a public servant who is honoured with an official jewel refuse to sign any bond, and threaten to place his case in the hands of Mr. Davies? If he receives a sword of honour, or a piece of plate, or the Freedom of the City of London in a gold casket, he is not required to pledge himself that the gift shall be returned by his executors. Why should such a condition be thrust upon him by his country?

Eight years ago England adopted Miss Elizabeth Banks, whose shrewd and vivacious commentaries on our manners and customs have refreshed me ever since. Some Americans who pitch their tents in this island are said to neglect their motherland. Miss Banks is not one of them. Her soul burns with patriotic ardour when there is occasion for that illumination. In the intervals she keeps an alert and discriminating eye upon us, and also upon her compatriots. Despair seized her lately when she discovered that one of her English friends was under the impression that all American women speak of rhododendrons as "rhododandrums," and of apple flitters as "flitters." This was bad enough; but conceive the horror and amazement of Miss Banks when she looked into the educational advertisements, and found that certain benevolent persons undertook to teach ladies who suffer from the "flitters" the "smart pronunciation" of London society! The great object of this instruction is to relieve the pupils of all suspicion of their native intonation. This affords Miss Banks a legitimate opportunity for a patriotic bonfire. She sees her degenerate countrywomen entering a doorway over which is inscribed, "The American Accent Removed While You Wait. Infallible Cure for the Worst Cases." It is like having a tooth out, or an obstinate corn extracted by the chiropodist. Miss Banks says that while she has breath she will proclaim her nationality, and that she despises the "smart pronunciation." I applaud both her spirit and her judgment.

A Dublin reader laments to me that, in Irish speech, the letter "h" is overworked, as in "what," which Irish people, he says, are apt to pronounce "hwhat." On that issue bitter experience should keep me silent. Years ago, when I was young and a dramatic critic, I ventured to suggest to a brilliant actress that she misused the aspirate in the same way. She never forgave me. This plunged me into one of those fits of misgiving which are fatal to the performance of the dramatic critic's duties. Was it an aspirate, after all? Was it anything save a slightly accentuated but still lovely breathing? "'Twas whispered in Heaven; 'twas muttered in Hell"; but what happened to it in "hwhat"? My correspondent is so much disturbed that he proposes to remove the "h" from the interior of the word, and say "wat." As I have noticed this surgical proceeding already in the "smart pronunciation," I beg him to forbear. If his name were White, would he like to be called "Wite"? This process would take the pith out of him, and leave him a poor "wight." Or if he were a Whale, what a loss of dignity in "Wale"! The majesty of leviathan would perish in a feeble cry.

The reviewing department of this Journal is greatly impressed by a letter of advice from a lady in India. "I am very much struck," she says, "by the power for good or evil you have in your hands." This power, I fear, is not always exercised with a fitting sense of its gravity. "If you could touch," she continues, "on the best points only of a book likely to do good, or even to interest pleasantly a very large number of the reading public, without drawing attention to the weak points or want of literary style, you would be doing an inestimable kindness to humanity." This reads like a rebuke, and the reviewers, who were hastily summoned by the Editor to consider it in council, admitted with shame that it touched them nearly. They all recalled instances in which, while acknowledging that the purpose of an author was earnest and his tone above reproach, they had gone out of their way to mention that his English was slipshod, and his observation rudimentary. One of them, I regret to say, was disposed to argue that the correction of the author in these trivial matters was part of the "inestimable kindness to humanity"; but his voice was drowned by a penitential psalm, led by the Editor. It was then agreed that all ill-written books likely to do good, or to interest any reader who does not know good writing from bad, should be extolled without reservation, and that a copy of this resolution should be sent to all publishers, and to the Incorporated Society of Authors. I am deputed, moreover, to beg our correspondent in India to accept this token of our respectful esteem. She has shown us the path of virtue, and we will tread it as earnestly as we can.

## PARLIAMENT.

The Session came to an end on Aug. 17. Lord George Hamilton explained the Indian Budget, which showed that the finances of India have met the expenditure in relief funds in famine-time without increase of taxation. Sir William Harcourt criticised Lord Kitchener's proclamation warning the Boer leaders that if they remain in the field after Sept. 15 they will be sentenced to banishment for life. In Sir William Harcourt's opinion this was a violation of international law. Mr. Asquith denied that, and paid a high tribute to the conduct of the war by the British forces. Mr. Chamberlain contended that the proclamation was strictly in accordance with precedent. When the Germans conquered Alsace and Lorraine, they exiled such inhabitants as refused to take the oath of allegiance. We had a perfect right to make a law in the same spirit, expelling from the Transvaal and Orange Colony persons who might be dangerous to the future peace. The Factory and Workshops Bill was passed after the omission of the clause providing for the inspection of convent laundries.

## THE BREACH OF PRIVILEGE.

The last sensation of the Session was the appearance at Bar of the House of Commons on Aug. 16 of Mr. George E. Armstrong and Mr. Madge, the editor and publisher of the *Globe*. That paper had printed an article headed "Irish Rowdies," which read like an imputation of corruption against members from Ireland in their relations with Private Committees. The impugned members themselves and the House at large so read it; though the editor and publisher disavowed that interpretation. Mr. Redmond, who is never in better form than when appearing as a champion of the rights and dignities of the Imperial Parliament, brought the article under notice as a Breach of Privilege. Such the House unanimously asserted it to be. The next stage was a little less obvious. Mr. Balfour does not personally believe that the bringing of journalists to the Bar of the House to receive a reprimand from the Speaker is an effective method of administering punishment. Mr. Asquith, however, had the great majority of members with him in his approval of that method. Hence Mr. Armstrong and Mr. Madge appeared at the Bar, apologised, withdrew from the House, and were recalled to withdraw this time their words, as well as to apologise for them. The publisher seemed to be a little more refractory than the editor, carrying his withdrawal through the three stages of "I must," "I will," "I do." Then Mr. Speaker gave his lecture, after which the delinquents bowed to Parliament; and the "personal" episode was over.

## THE PARIS-BREST CYCLE RACE.

In the bicycle race from Paris to Brest and back, the competitors finished their run on the morning of Aug. 18. At four minutes past nine, Garin, who had maintained his lead from Mayenne, where he passed Lesna, reached the winning-mark in the Velodrome, having ridden the 1200 kilometres in fifty-two hours. In spite of his tremendous exertions, Garin did not appear to be exhausted, and leapt lightly from his machine, declaring that he was not at all tired. Rivière came in second, arriving at eleven o'clock. He also seemed remarkably vigorous, and covered his last kilometre at the rate of eighteen miles an hour. Frederic and Aucouturier began the last mile together, Aucouturier winning the third place by ten yards. Garin, who is thirty years of age, has been a professional cyclist for six years. He was formerly a chimney-sweep.

## TRIAL TRIP OF HIS MAJESTY'S NEW YACHT.

The *Victoria and Albert*, which has been the subject of so much criticism and dissatisfaction, has at length, after repairs and alterations innumerable, reached the stage of trial. On Aug. 18 she arrived at Gibraltar after a passage which, despite the fact that she rolled occasionally at an angle of 23 deg., is considered satisfactory. Her signal to the *Centurion* we record under our Illustration. From Gibraltar she proceeded to Lisbon with the Portuguese Minister.

## AUGMENTATION OF THE MEDITERRANEAN FLEET.

The four 30-knot torpedo-destroyers which took part in the Naval Manœuvres were almost immediately afterwards commissioned for despatch to the Mediterranean to strengthen the destroyer flotilla attached to the Mediterranean Fleet. Of these the *Kangaroo* and the *Myrmidon* belong to the Portsmouth Fleet Reserve, and the *Desperate* and the *Cynthia* to the Medway Fleet Reserve. The *Kangaroo* (Lieutenant Charles Pyddoke) goes as tender to the battle-ship *Cesar*; the *Myrmidon* (Lieutenant L. N. Turton) to the *Empress of India*; the *Cynthia* (Lieutenant Percy W. Pontifex) to the *Ramillies*; and the *Desperate* (Lieutenant E. O. Gladstone) to the *Hood*. The destroyer flotilla in commission on the Mediterranean Station will thus be brought up to sixteen vessels.

## A BOER REFUGEE CAMP.

One of the largest refugee camps in South Africa is situated at Volksrust, to the north of Laing's Nek. Majuba looks down upon it. Between the railway line and the Buffalo, a long and narrowing bluff juts out, and on it stands a great city of tents. In them dwell the wives and children of the men who are fighting against us. Physically, the Boers are a fine race, the men often of tremendous frame, large-boned, broad-shouldered, but entirely lacking the spring and carriage that come to us from long years of hard athletic training. The children form the brightest part of the picture. Their games are many, and much like those at home. The soldiers are their particular friends; to get a kick at a football is the ambition of their lives; long trains of them are driven by their comrades; and marbles flourish.



## M. KANN'S COLLECTION.

La Société des Arts Graphiques de Vienne, in carrying out its important policy of giving to lovers of art some idea of the less-known public and private galleries, has lately published, under the title of "La Galerie de Tableaux de M. Rodolphe Kann," a hundred reproductions of pictures remarkable in interest and merit. The reproductions are héliogravures from clichés by Braun, Clement, and Co., of Paris, and Dixon and Son, of London, and are noteworthy not only for their absolute beauty, but also for their fidelity. Possibly the fidelity goes a little too far, since the black-and-white pictorial effect is marred in some cases by reproduction of heavy brushmarks, as well as cracks and other accidents of time. The answer to this, no doubt, is that the primary object of the publication is to give information rather than to present beauty. The plates are separate in an album, accompanying which is a discourse by Dr. W. Bode, translated by M. Auguste Marguillier.

M. Kann is probably little known as a collector to the ordinary British amateur, but, if fate be favourable to him, his pictures will be of immense importance, for they give proof that in a period of barely two decades he has formed a gallery of which even a Rothschild might be proud. Without confining himself pedantically to one school, M. Kann has shown a strong preference for Dutch art, and in particular for Rembrandt, greatest of the masters of Holland. The result is eleven pictures and studies all dating from the period of the fullness of the powers of the unhappy man, so many matters connected with whose life are still a mystery—of the artist whose absolutely immortal picture, "The Anatomical Lesson," triumph of conception and execution, was painted when he was only twenty-five years old. The first of the eleven bears date 1653—that is, about three years before the bankruptcy which overtook one of the most industrious, prolific, and brilliant painters of the world. The last, if one accepts as correct the view of Dr. Bode, was painted between 1664 and 1666, or five years before the death of the painter of "The Night Watch." So thoroughly has the work of Rembrandt been studied of late years that it would be idle to discuss in a limited space the particular qualities of these eleven canvases, one of which, for more than a century, had its home in England, and, indeed, was last in the gallery of Lord Brownlow. In a sense—that is, in a human sense—the most interesting is the large study of the unfortunate Hendrickje Stoffels, which exhibits her rather younger than she is represented in the picture of "Venus et l'Amour," one of the gems of the Louvre collection. Strange to notice, in this striking study is something quite analysable that seems to presage the early death of the creature actually portrayed in the heyday of her life.

The collection in other respects is excellently representative of Dutch art, though, except possibly in the case of Franz Hals, none of the masters is quite so well represented as Rembrandt; yet Ruysdael, having regard to the state of other collections, gives a more definite character to the gallery. Indeed, there are no fewer than six works from the brush of the great landscapist of Haarlem, who died in one of its almshouses in 1682, and can be best studied in the Dresden and Berlin galleries. Most of them apparently are marked by the well recognised qualities of the poetic painter of nature; one or two are obviously works worthy of the great reputation enjoyed by him—a reputation perhaps a little dimmed by the somewhat tardy recognition of Hobbema, whose rare works were slow in receiving full appreciation. Four canvases are to be found in the collection from the brush of the artist whose glorious picture, "The Avenue, Middelharnis," is one of the greatest treasures of the National Gallery, and indeed, I think, one of the grandest pictures of the world. Hobbema is superbly represented in the collection by a picture dated about 1665, and called "A Village Street," which is certainly one of the finest works from the palette neglected by him after his appointment, at a salary of 400 florins a year, as employé in the Octroi at Amsterdam—a post obtained by the influence of his wife, the cook of one of the Amsterdam Burgomasters.

In the Flemish School perhaps the most important work is the "Meleager Offering to Atalanta the Head of the Boar of Calydon," from the famous Blenheim collection, which exhibits the gorgeous work of Rubens magnificently, and, indeed, by its superb vigour and beauty of composition excites enthusiasm even in a reproduction to which, of course, is denied the grace of colour. Van Dyck, pupil of Rubens, and most unequal of artists, is admirably represented by five works, four of them portraits and one a Holy Family, which is altogether delicious, and noteworthy, too, for its suggestions of the delightful art of Murillo; indeed, this picture is quite remarkable, not only for its absolute beauty, but also for its curious suggestions of different influences in one artist. Personally, I think that the portrait of the Marchese Durazzo is even more fascinating.

During the last five years M. Kann has enlarged the scheme of his collection by the purchase of Italian works, and acquired in 1895 a picture well known to British amateurs—namely, Ghirlandajo's exquisite portrait of Giovanna degli Albizi, exhibited for ten years or so at our National Gallery by its former owner. How deeply regrettable that such a picture should have left this country!

The French School, perhaps, seems rather an afterthought in a collection in many respects finely methodical, and this may be said of the three canvases, two Gainsboroughs and a Hogarth, which to those accustomed to the greater works of these English masters do not perhaps seem very remarkable. Certainly the two works by Nattier are rich in charm, and the Greuze, a vigorous head of an old man, has at least the merit of being off the beaten track of the master, whose somewhat fatiguing pretty pictures have won very fully the insult of popularity. Boucher, Watteau, Pater, Lancret, and Fragonard are represented, though the delicate work of Chardin is absent. The Boucher is an exceedingly fine specimen of the style of the artist, remarkable for his power of suggesting movement.

G. F. S.

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EVERY SATURDAY until further notice, for 3, 8, 10, 15 or 17 days, to Blackpool (Talbot Road and Central), Bridlington, Chester, Cleethorpes, Colchester, Douglas, Fleet, Fleetwood, Grimsby (Town and Dock), Liverpool, Lytham, New Cleve, Redcar, Robin Hood's Bay, St. Anne's, Saltburn, Scarborough, Southport, Tynemouth, Whitby, Whitley Bay.

WEEK ENDS IN THE COUNTRY.—EVERY SATURDAY (for half-day, 1, 2, or 3 days) SUNDAYS (for 1 or 2 days) MONDAYS and THURSDAYS (for half-day and 1 day) to Ashby Magna, Brackley, Calvert, Charwelton, Culworth, Finner, Helmdon, Leicester, Loughborough, Lutterworth, Rugby, Whetstone, Willoughby, Woodford and Hinton.

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\* (Addison Road.) A.—Sunday, to Hastings, Bexhill, and Eastbourne. B.—Week-Days, 12s. Brighton, 13s. Worthing (Pullman Car to Brighton). C.—Sunday Cyclists' Train, alternately to Horley, Three Bridges, East Grinstead; or to Sutton, Dorking, Ockley, Horsham. D.—Saturdays, 10s. 6d. First Class Brighton. E.—Brighton and Worthing, 10s. 12s. First, 12s. Pullman Car to Brighton. G.—Eastbourne, Sundays, Pullman Car, 12s. First Class, 10s. H.—Brighton, Sundays, 10s. First Class, 12s. Pullman Car.

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K I N G   E D W A R D   V I I .   I N   G E R M A N Y .



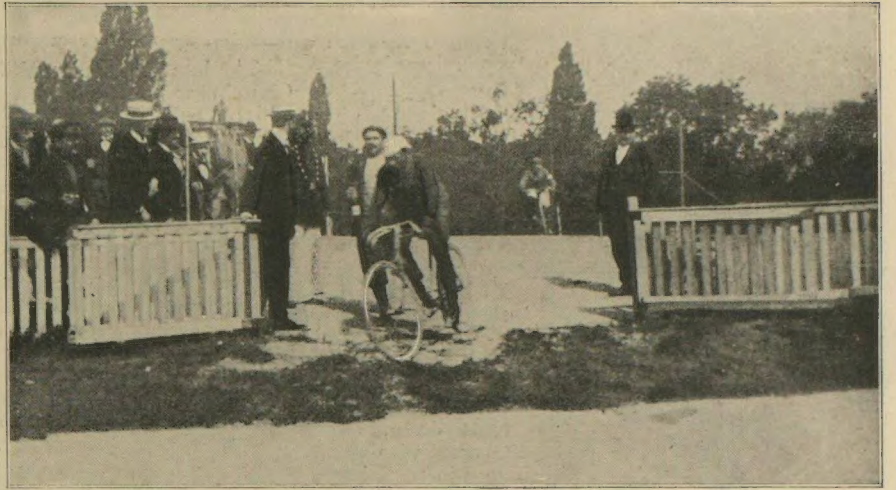
EIGHT O'CLOCK A.M. AT THE ELIZABETH SPRING, HOMBURG: HIS MAJESTY DRINKING THE WATERS.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT HOMBURG.





GARIN, THE WINNER.

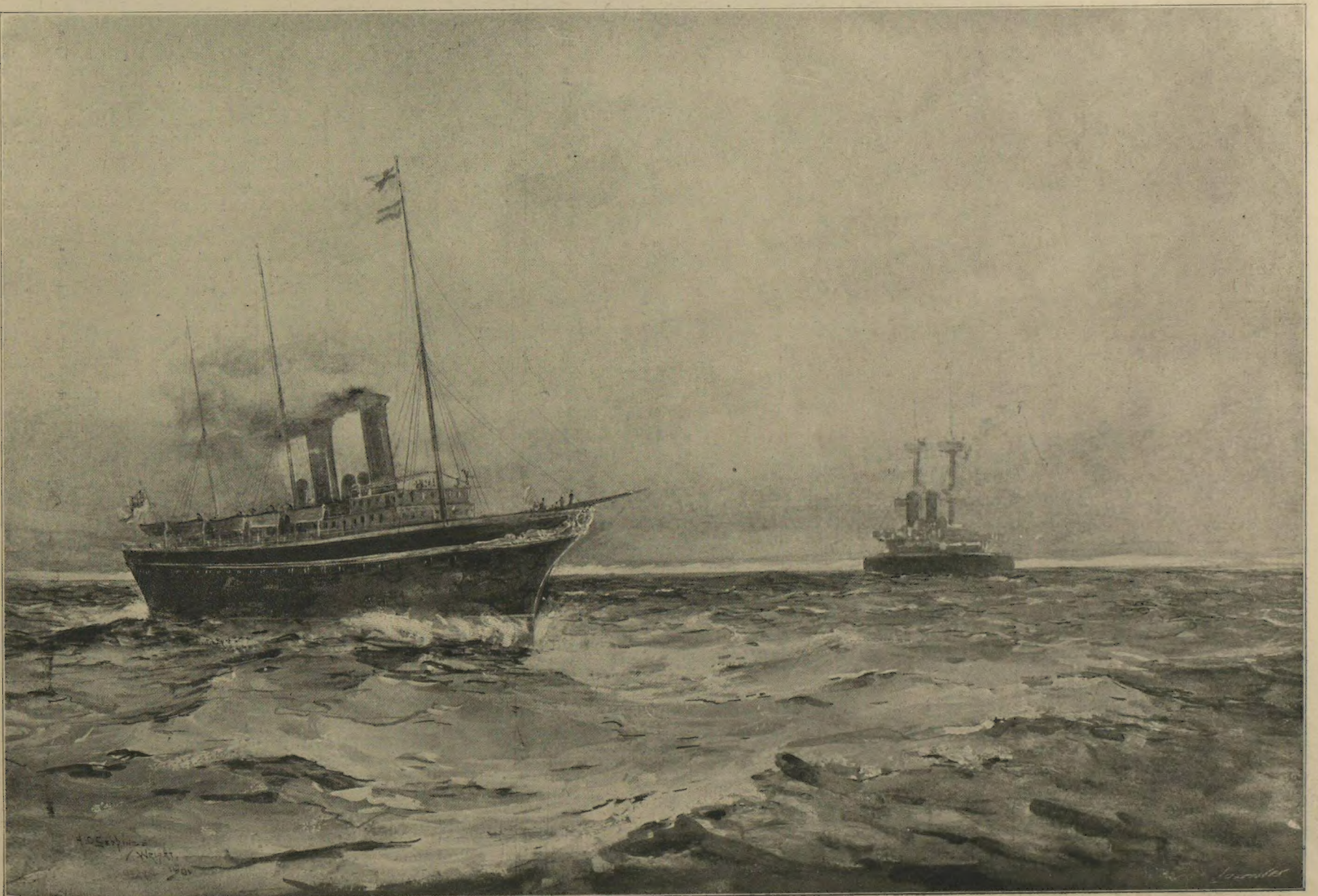


GARIN ENTERING THE VELODROME AT PARIS, ON HIS RETURN FROM BREST.



GARIN ALIGHTING FROM HIS CYCLE AFTER WINNING THE RACE.

THE GREAT CYCLE RACE FROM PARIS TO BREST AND BACK.



THE TRIAL TRIP OF THE KING'S NEW YACHT, "VICTORIA AND ALBERT": THE YACHT SPEAKING THE HOMEWARD-BOUND "CENTURION" OFF THE COAST OF PORTUGAL.

FROM A SKETCH BY W. G. LITTLEJOHNS, H.M.S. "CENTURION."

*An interesting contrast to the sharp criticism of the new yacht is afforded by the following message signalled to the "Centurion": "Please tell Commander-in-Chief that we experienced a heavy swell when crossing the Bay, and that the ship behaved beautifully."*



## PERSONAL.

Sir George Sydenham Clarke, the new Governor of Victoria, does not go to Melbourne as a novice. When he acted as Secretary to the Colonial Defence Committee he became an expert in matters which, at this particular moment of our history, it is desirable for a great Colonial ruler to have well in mind and hand. His Knighthood in 1893 marked the Government's high sense of the services he then rendered. Before that date, Sir George, who was born in 1848, had served as a Royal Engineer in the Egyptian Expedition of 1882, and he had done

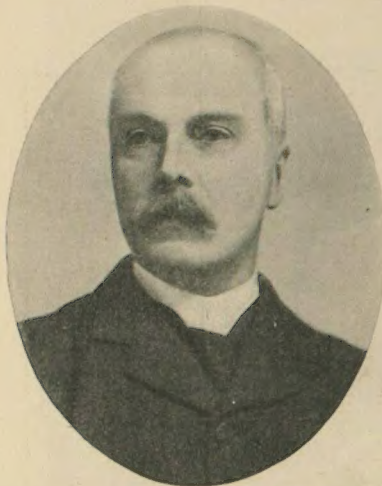


Photo. Elliott and Fry.  
SIR G. S. CLARKE,  
New Governor of Victoria.

and also during the Soudan Expedition; useful work as Secretary to the Royal Commission on Army and Navy Administration in 1888. As Superintendent of the Royal Carriage Department at Woolwich, he has lately had to bear the strain of war-time, with results that are generally known. The new Governor married, in 1871, a daughter of General Peregrine Henry Fellowes.

The Czar and Czaritzza are to visit France, exchanging greetings with the Emperor William on the way. The visit is hailed with ardour by the French Press, but the enthusiasm is not quite so flamboyant as it used to be. Many Frenchmen take a sceptical view of the benefits France has derived from the "alliance." Perhaps that view has something to do with the Czar's forthcoming journey.

Mr. Kruger's private secretary is said to have had an interview with the Czar, and a representative of the late Transvaal Republic is to be invited to the wedding of the Grand Duchess Olga. Upon such incidents Mr. Kruger continues to base his hopes of "intervention."

Mr. William Redmond has had an interview with Mr. Kruger, who assured him that the Boers would never abate their claim for "full independence." This does not prevent the "peace party" in this country from maintaining that the war can be ended by the offer to Mr. Kruger of terms which do not guarantee that independence.

Count von Waldersee has been received with marked distinction on his return to Germany. It is thought that he may succeed Count von Bülow as Imperial Chancellor should a vacancy arise. Some German journals are asking what Count von Waldersee effected in China for the credit of the German Empire.

Mr. Rudolph Lehmann has withdrawn from the editorship of the *Daily News*. He succeeded Mr. E. T. Cook in that post a few months ago, when the paper passed into the hands of a new proprietor. The new editor is Mr. David Edwards, who is also manager of the business department.

M. Edmond Audran, the composer, who died on Aug. 17 in Paris, was born fifty-nine years ago, and was the son of a singer at Marseilles. In that city he made his first attempt at light opera, but it was not until a little more than twenty years ago that he made his first striking success with "Les Noces d'Olivette" in Paris. A little later "La Mascotte" was set going on its round of world-wide popularity. England, which gave both these pieces a welcome, repeated it in favour of "La Cigale"; and both "Miss Decima" and "La Poupée" had long runs in London and the provinces.



Photo. Pierre Petit, Paris.  
THE LATE M. EDMOND AUDRAN,  
Composer of Light Opera.

Mr. Findley, who was expelled from the Victorian Legislature for publishing in his journal a libel on the King, has made an unsuccessful attempt to emulate Wilkes, who was returned by the Middlesex electors in defiance of the House of Commons. Mr. Findley solicited the suffrages of East Melbourne, but was defeated by a large majority.

The late Prebendary Miller was an old-fashioned High Churchman belonging to a school which is now practically extinct. He resigned his rectory of Bucknell, near Bicester, in 1891, in order to devote himself to the work of textual criticism. He followed in the steps of Burgon and Scrivener, and to the last was a sturdy opponent of the critical principles of Westcott and Hort. Perhaps his best work was his "History and Doctrines of Irvingism," over which he spent enormous pains.

The first wireless telegram which the *Lucania* sent ashore to the Nantucket light-ship was signed by the Hon. William Mulock, Postmaster-General of Canada, and was addressed to Sir Wilfrid Laurier at Ottawa. Mr. Mulock has devoted a considerable amount of attention to the subject of wireless telegraphy, and is determined to introduce it into Canada. Experiments are shortly to be tried near the mouth of the St. Lawrence.

The German Crown Prince arrived at Victoria Station on Aug. 16 to spend a few days in London. His Imperial Highness was attended by Baron von Pritzelwitz, and was met by Baron von Eckhardtstein, Chargé d'Affaires, and two other members of the Embassy. The Crown Prince had his headquarters at the Carlton Hotel, and

Baron Nordenskjöld, who solved the problem of the North-East Passage in 1878-79, died at Stockholm on the evening of Aug. 12. Adolphe Eric Nordenskjöld was born at Helsingfors on Nov. 18, 1832, and was the son of a University Professor Sprung of a Swedish stock that had given many eminent men to science, young Nordenskjöld early displayed the ancestral bent, and accompanied his father on several journeys of exploration in the Ural Mountains. In 1857 he graduated at Helsingfors, and went to Stockholm, where in 1858 he was appointed Professor of Mineralogy. The work which brought him his greatest distinction was done in connection with Polar explorations. After several preliminary trips taken between 1859 and 1864, he went in the Government steamer *Sophia* for a more extended expedition, and reached the latitude of 81 deg. 42 min. N. In 1872 he sailed to Spitzbergen. In 1875 he penetrated the Kara Sea to the Yenesei, and in 1878 started in the *Vega* for his historical voyage which demonstrated the existence of the North-East Passage. In September 1879 he reached Japan. In 1883 he went on a voyage to Greenland, and made his way through the dangerous ice-barrier of the east coast, a feat which enthusiastic navigators had attempted in vain for three hundred years. Since then he had occupied himself with Polar explorations.



THE LATE BARON NORDENSKJÖLD,  
Arctic Explorer.



THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE TAKING PHOTOGRAPHS IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART.

several times during his visit dined at the public restaurant. On the day of his arrival he went to see the Tower of London and Westminster Abbey, and early on the morning of Aug. 17 strolled unattended along the Embankment and the Strand, taking snap-shots with his camera. His Imperial Highness, on Aug. 20, left King's Cross by the late express for Scotland, to visit Lord Rosebery and the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch.

Canterbury has been very quiet of late weeks, for most of the Cathedral clergy have left the precincts for the holidays. The Bishop of Dover and Mrs. Walsh are on the Continent, and the Dean is also absent. The Archbishop of Canterbury and Mrs. Temple are now settled at the Palace, and have celebrated their silver wedding. The months of August and September are the quietest in the Archbishop's year.

Even the most popular persons may elude public recognition; and on Aug. 20 the feat was accomplished by General Baden-Powell during his visit to the Elswick Works. The General was not recognised by the workmen, and he contrived also to pass through Newcastle without discovery.

It has been usual to attribute the line "Where the Rudyards cease from Kipling" to the late J. K. Stephen. Now, however, Mr. Maurice Berkeley, a Cambridge contemporary of Stephen, has confessed that he is the author. He and Stephen used to amuse themselves by writing nonsense-verses, and the jingle about the Rudyards and the parody of Whitman in "Lapsus Calami" are his.

The visit of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall to Cape Town has made a most favourable impression on all classes. It is noteworthy that members of the extreme Dutch party have joined in the ceremonies.

By a singular error, the King's Speech at the end of the Session was made to describe the present Parliament as if it had become extinct. "The close of my first Parliament," was the phrase of some maladroit draughtsman. This Parliament was elected before Queen Victoria's reign was over, and has just completed its first Session.

The Queen has expressed a wish that the dresses worn by ladies at the Coronation shall be made of "British materials, embroidered by British workwomen." "We are not British," exclaimed Mr. Dillon the other day in the House of Commons. Needless to say that the Queen's wish embraces the products of Irish industry and taste.

Dr. Handley Carr Glyn Moule, whose appointment to the Bishopric of Durham, in succession to the late Bishop Westcott, was announced on Aug. 21, was born in 1841, the youngest son of the Rev. H. Moule, Vicar of Fordington, and was ordained priest in 1868. Educated at home and at Trinity College, Cambridge, he was Browne's Classical Medallist in 1863, and Second Classic in the Tripos of the following year. He held a Fellowship of Trinity College from 1865 to 1881, became B.D. in 1894, and held the position of Dean

Trinity College from 1895 and D.D. in 1895 of Trinity College for three years, and was first Principal of Ridley Hall, Cambridge, from 1881 to 1899. Dr. Moule has been Select Preacher at Cambridge for seven years. He is Norrisian Professor of Divinity, and was Honorary Chaplain to Queen Victoria from 1898. Among his numerous publications are "Apollo at Pheræ," "Commentaries on the Epistles to the Romans, Ephesians, Philippians, and Colossians," in the Cambridge Bible. The bicycle and the telescope provide his chief recreations.

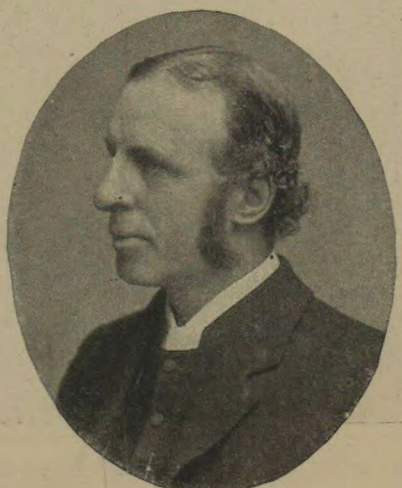
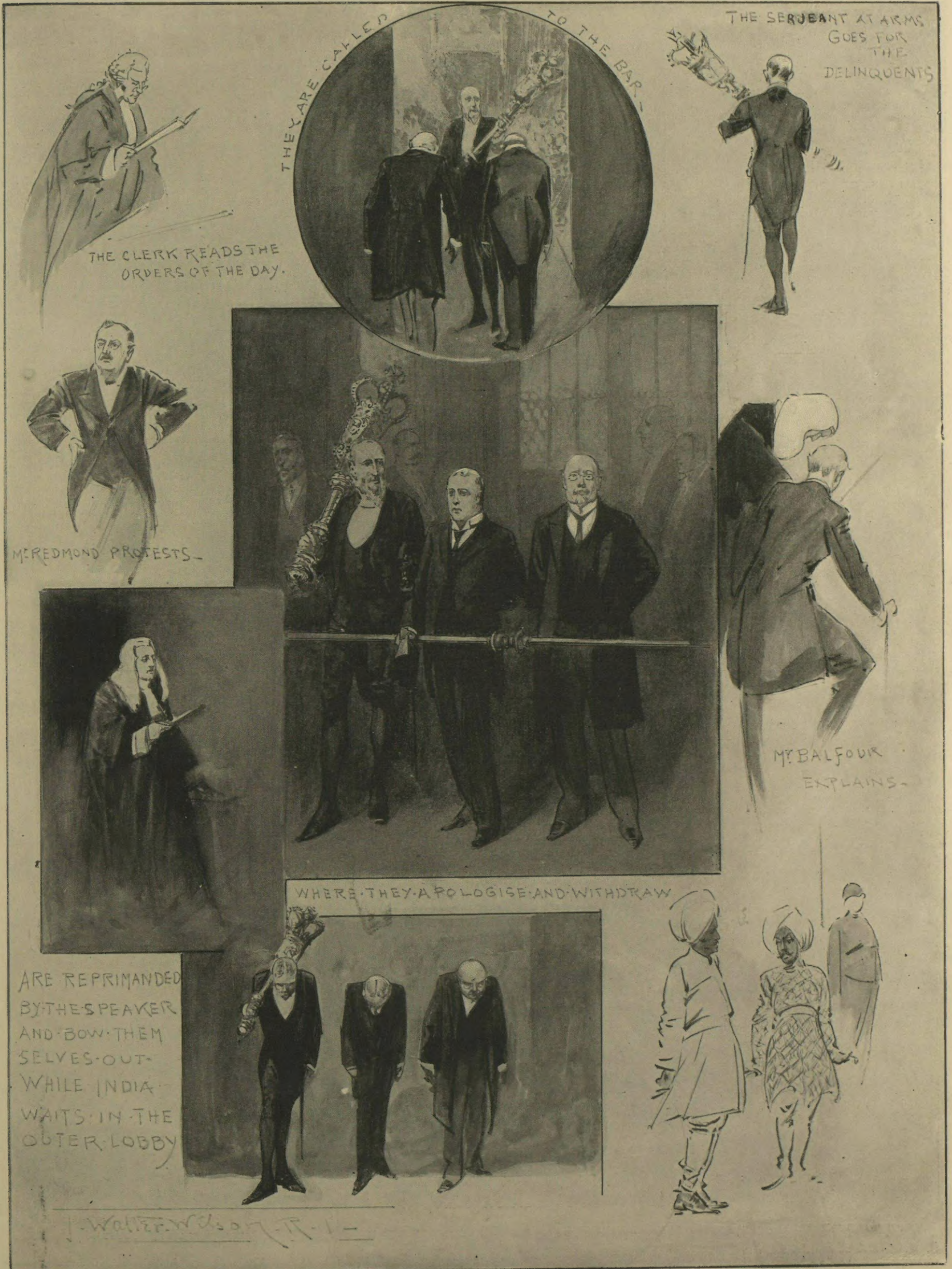


Photo. Russell.  
DR. H. C. G. MOULE,  
New Bishop of Durham.



THE BREACH OF PARLIAMENTARY PRIVILEGE.



SCENES IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, AUGUST 16.

DRAWN BY T. WALTER WILSON, R.I.



## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## THE KING AT HOMBURG.

Somewhere about the beginning of the present season it was currently reported, among those society gossips who profess to know, that his Majesty had declared that before the year was out he would make a motor-car a necessity for every English gentleman. Several times in the early summer the King experimented with the motor, and made, it will be remembered, a journey to Windsor, which would probably (had his Majesty been other than an amateur sportsman) have constituted a record in speed. At Homburg, where the King is now taking the waters in accordance with his annual custom, he still finds leisure for the automobile, and our Special Artist was fortunate to sketch him just as he was starting for a drive from Ritter's Hotel.

## THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AT DUNEDIN.

The Duke and Duchess of Cornwall reached Dunedin on June 25 after a delightful journey from Christchurch on a bright, keen morning. The snow on the Kaikoura Mountains glistened in the sunshine, and the travellers had charming glimpses of the Pacific Ocean and the coast-line. Every house was illuminated when their Royal Highnesses were welcomed by the Mayor of Dunedin and drove to their residence, the Fern Hill Club. The next day they had "a genuine Scottish welcome" when they fulfilled a number of ceremonial engagements, among the rest the presentation of 109 war-medals and the inspection of a band of veterans. On the way to the station the next morning the Duke laid the foundation-stone of a statue of Queen Victoria, saying some serious words, and ending his stay in New Zealand with the Maori word of greeting that means "Good luck!" A special train took the two travellers to Lyttelton, whence they embarked on the *Ophir* for Hobart, which was reached after an experience of the first rough weather encountered on the voyage. Lord and Lady Hopetoun received the Duke and Duchess, and sped them on their way to Adelaide, where Lord and Lady Tennyson took up the welcome.

## STATUE OF THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE AT EASTBOURNE.

The statue of the late Duke of Devonshire unveiled a few days ago by the Marquis of Abergavenny at Eastbourne is of bronze, and shows him seated and robed as Chancellor of the University of Cambridge. The living Duke of Devonshire was present on the occasion, and referred to his father as a man of retiring tastes, simple

## THE WIDENING OF PICCADILLY.

The County Council's scheme to widen Piccadilly by setting back the existing railings on the south side aroused a considerable amount of opposition, as it was feared that a large number of the trees in the Green Park would be sacrificed. The objections, however, turned out to have been based on a misconception, for



THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND YORK AT ADELAIDE:  
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS ON HIS NEW CHARGER.

the authorities have made it quite plain that the scheme, which awaits the formal sanction of the Office of Works, will rather add to than subtract from the number of the trees. Fifty-seven trees in all come within the scope of the scheme. Of these, forty-two will remain, with the difference that whereas they now stand inside the Park railings, they will in future stand on the pavement. Seven trees will be transplanted, and the remaining eight, which are old and decayed, will be cut down. Near the Wellington Statue twenty-four new trees, as shown in our plan, will be planted. In point of picturesqueness, Piccadilly will certainly not suffer by the alteration. How far the

## REGATTA AT BRIGHTON.

The Naval Volunteers' Cruising Club held its regatta at Brighton on Aug. 17, in the presence of a large number of interested spectators. Mr. A. H. Fry was Commodore, and Mr. J. S. Smith, Vice-Commodore. The "go-as-you-please" catamaran race was won by F. Griggs junior; the race for sailing-luggers by Mr. W. Morris's *Sunbeam*; and the fours, for the South Coast Grand Challenge Cup, by Worthing Britannia. A carnival and a battle of confetti were held on the pier in the evening.

## THE GIBRALTAR WORKS.

Mr. Gibson Bowles' pamphlet concerning the projected works at Gibraltar caused the issue, on March 30, of a Parliamentary Paper addressed to the Earl of Selborne by Vice-Admiral Sir Harry Rawson, Major-General Sir William Nicholson, Mr. W. Matthews, and Mr. Bowles. The Committee of Inquiry suggested that all the works on the western side and the dredging should be carried out as arranged, excepting No. 2 Dock, the store-houses, and one-third of the workshops adjoining. In place of the dock, they recommended that there should be a temporary camber for small boats, pointing out that by this plan £300,000 would be saved. A graving-dock should be made on the eastern side of the "Rock," workshops to be close by. In order to form a harbour, three moles should be constructed on the same side, and arrangements made for ships to take in coal and ammunition in the eastern harbour. These last alterations would be of the utmost importance in war-time, allowing vessels to run in and load while completely protected from any artillery-fire directed against the defences. Another report was issued on May 16, but Mr. Bowles' name did not figure upon it. It stated that the estimated cost of the harbour and graving-dock was £4,820,000—£480,000 for the north mole, £555,000 for the south mole, £2,960,000 for the east mole, and £825,000 for the graving-dock and the dredged approach-channels. The Committee also gave its opinion that a floating dock should not be made until proper protection could be given it by the harbour works, and that three docks should be constructed within the next few years for the use of the Mediterranean and Channel Squadrons.

## THE WRECK OF A YUKON LINER.

About two in the morning of Aug. 16, the steamer *Islander*, flag-ship of the Canadian Pacific Alaskan line, while off Juneau, Alaska, struck an iceberg and foundered in twenty minutes. A pilot, who survived, says that a keen look-out was kept for icebergs, but the mass upon which the vessel struck was submerged. The captain attempted

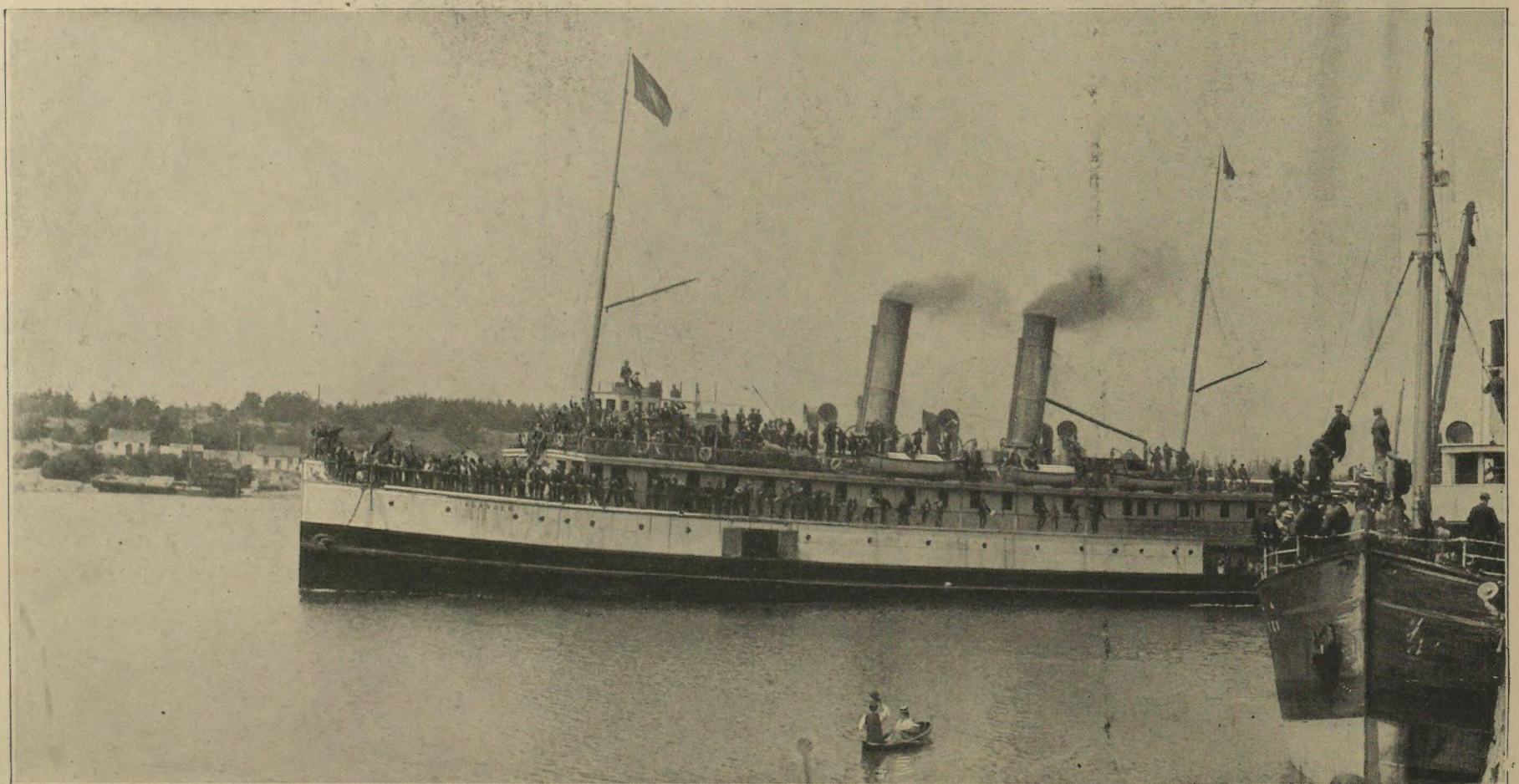


Photo. supplied by British Columbia Board of Trade.

THE "ISLANDER," FLAG-SHIP OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC ALASKAN LINE, WRECKED BY AN ICEBERG OFF JUNEAU, ALASKA, AUGUST 16.

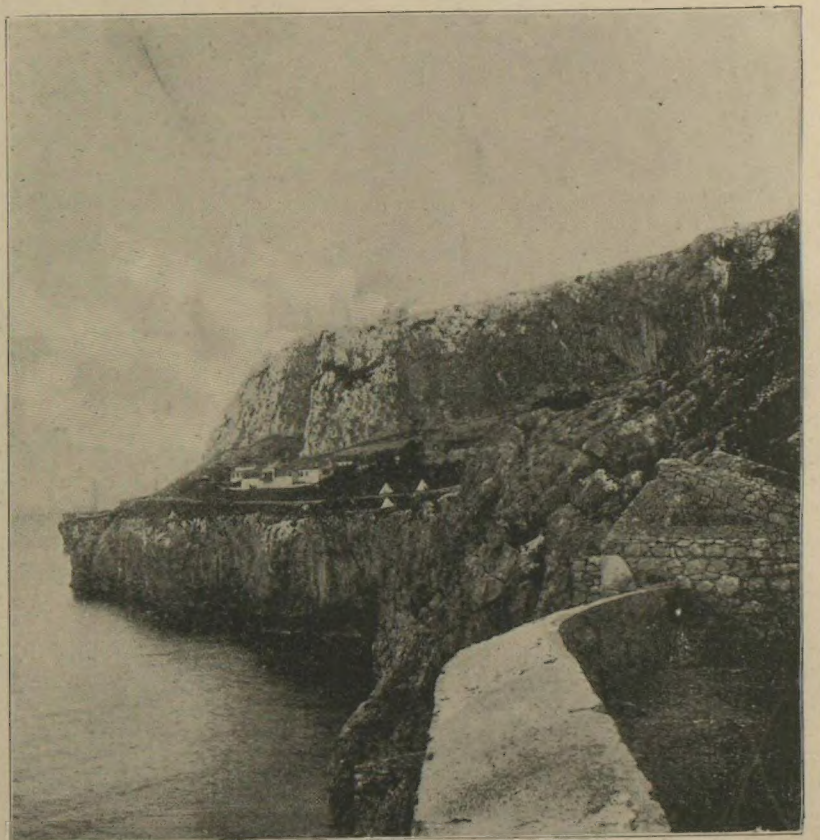
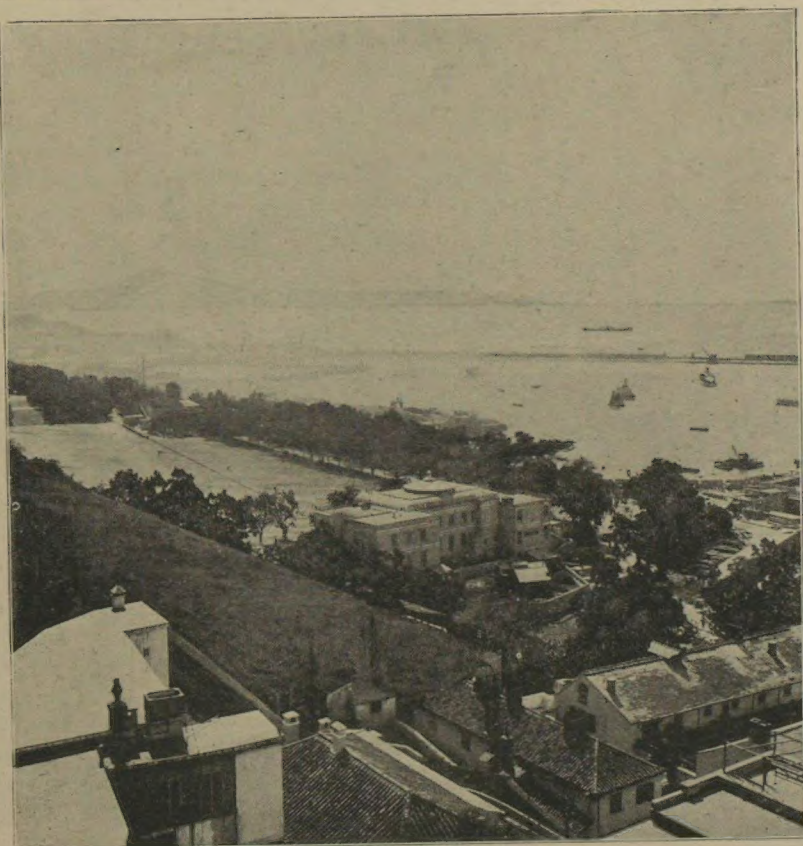
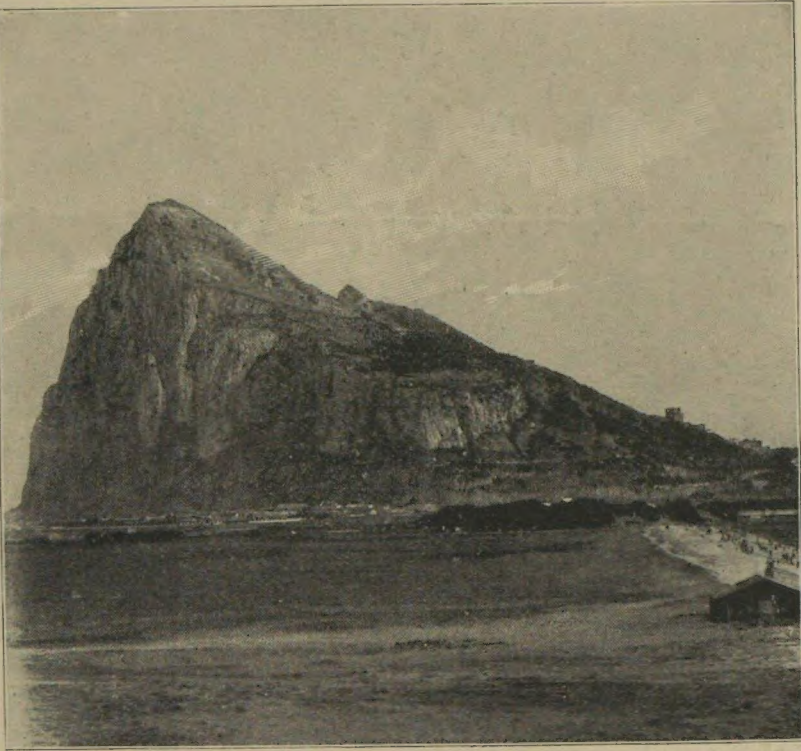
habits, and a large and liberal landlord. To him—said his son—the possession of great estates had been a burden rather than a source of enjoyment—a statement which must be added to that immense multitude of others resembling it in the department of the little ironies of life. The late Duke (who was the seventh) was born in 1808; he succeeded to his vast possessions in 1858, and he died in 1891. The statue is the work of Mr. Goscombe John, A.R.A.

rearrangement will avoid the congestion of traffic is another matter, for to widen the inlet without widening the whole street seems only to admit more traffic into a space already too confined. It was suggested that as the south side of Piccadilly for some reason or other is strangely unfrequented by foot-passengers, that pavement might very well be done away with altogether; but to this the same objection must apply. Perhaps, after all, it is a case of *solvitur ambulando*—through a subway.

to run the ship ashore, but she settled down too quickly and sank in thirty-three fathoms of water. Captain Foote, who remained on the bridge to the last, was among the drowned. Considerable confusion prevailed but there seems to have been no unseemly panic. The horror of the situation was heightened by the jamming of many of the state-room doors, which imprisoned the unfortunate passengers. Among the sixty-five persons lost are the wife, daughter, and niece of Mr. Ross, the Governor of Yukon.



THE QUESTION OF THE GIBRALTAR \*WORKS: VIEWS ON "THE ROCK."

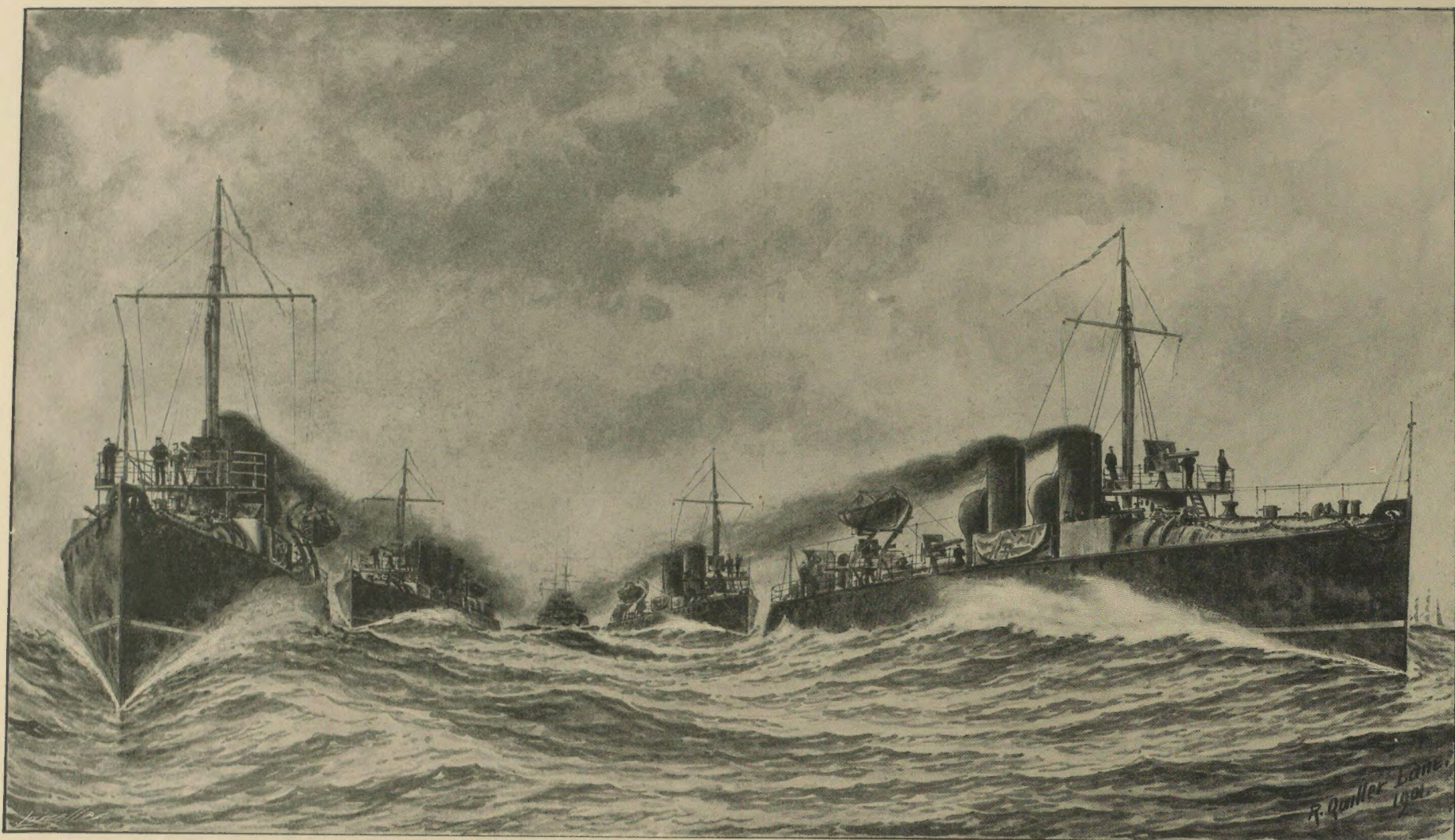


GIBRALTAR FROM THE SPANISH FRONTIER.  
THE HARBOUR AND MOLE.

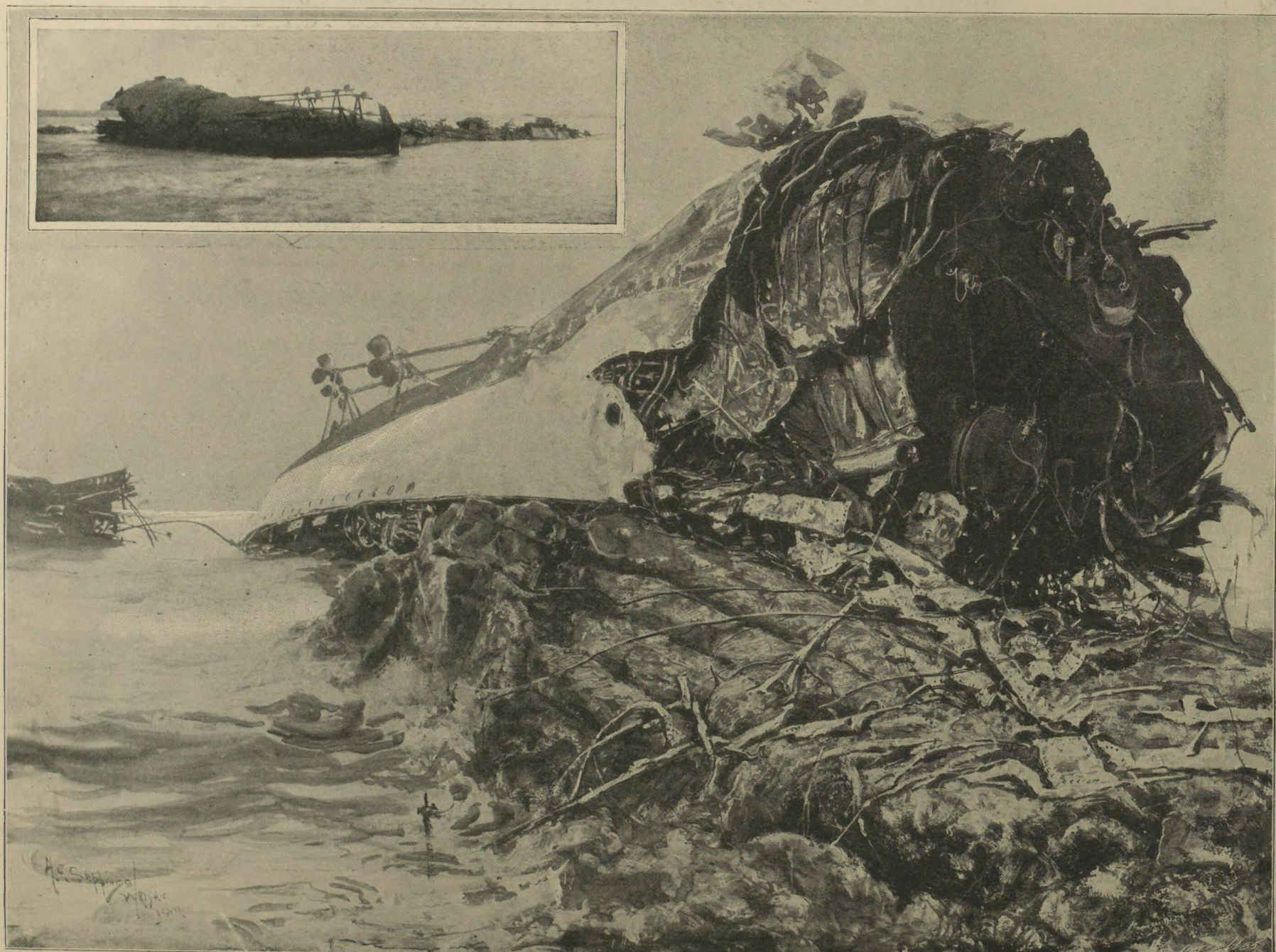
GIBRALTAR FROM THE BAY.

THE ROAD TO THE LINES, FROM THE OLD CASTLE BATTERY.  
THE LIGHTHOUSE.





THE STRENGTHENING OF THE MEDITERRANEAN SQUADRON: FOUR TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYERS ON THEIR WAY TO JOIN THE BATTLE-SHIPS TO WHICH THEY HAVE BEEN ATTACHED.



THE WRECK OF THE TURBINE TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYER "VIPER" AT ALDERNEY: THE REMAINS OF THE VESSEL ON THE ROCKS.

Photo. by Unwin, Alderney, supplied by Messrs. Banks and Co., Guernsey



# THE WOOING OF SILAS HANKS.

By G. B. BURGIN.



Illustrated by H. C. Seppings Wright.

MR. SILAS HANKS was of an uncertain age—say, anything between nineteen and thirty; his beauty was not of so obtrusively classical a type as to excite remark—even in Four Corners; and his attire betokened a certain amount of originality which did not find favour with the upper circles of the village. Some times Mr. Hanks wore two suspenders, at others, but one. His buttons were of a varied and original make, consisting mostly of pieces of thorn, and his shoes would have excited the contempt of the average tramp. On Sundays, however, he “dressed up,” and then even that hardened cynic, Laviolette’s goat, promptly got out of his way.

For the rest, Mr. Hanks was tall and lanky, with several gaps in his somewhat prominent teeth. His hair was long, straw-coloured, and a good deal of it came through the cracks in his “cow-breakfast” hat, so called because, when fodder is scarce, the cows, in certain districts of Ontario, feed upon this very primitive form of headgear. By profession, Mr. Hanks was a little of everything. Nothing came amiss to him—that is, he did nothing well and a little of everything badly. Still, his intentions were more honourable than his powers of performance. All through life they had been of the same character. It was only from the time he first met Miss Filson that he rapidly became a changed man.

Mr. Hanks was a bachelor—an extremely nervous and shy bachelor. In his early youth he had always preferred the leafy solitude of the Bush to all the engaging remarks of Four Corners young ladies. It made him so exceedingly uncomfortable when they halted to speak to him by the wayside that he gradually acquired the habit of fleeing from everything feminine directly it appeared in sight. Ladies who were acquainted with this peculiarity of Mr. Hanks successfully endeavoured to cut him off at street-corners and thus take him unawares. When this happened, Mr. Hanks would blush a kind of brickdust hue, nervously shuffle from

one foot to the other, and suddenly remember an important engagement which took him in the opposite direction. Sometimes the complimentary remarks which followed him accelerated his flight.

But the time comes for every man to fall in love, and, although he knew it not, this fate was rapidly approaching Mr. Hanks. His occasional calling of woodcutter sometimes took him into the patch of Bush behind the Four Corners jail, a forbidding-looking edifice with a stone wall round it about twelve feet high. Mr. Hanks did not know why the wall had been made such a height, as no

one ever took the trouble to get out of the jail. Its inmates found it exceedingly comfortable; and the cooking was good. Most of the frequenters, however, were there for short sentences. Graver criminals and murderers were drafted off to Kingston and other places where there was an adequate staff to deal with them. The staff at Four Corners consisted of the jailer and his wife, who were both Christians in the highest sense of the word, and considered it their duty to set in the paths of peace the feet of every sinner who came under their care.

It had never been expected in Four Corners society that Miss Filson, one of its most prominent belles, would become for the space of a year an enforced partaker of the jailer’s cordial hospitality. Miss Filson, in a momentary fit of passion, upbraided her sister with an axe, and, reverting to primeval ways of settling disputes, endeavoured to ascertain the thickness of that sister’s skull. The consequence was that she stretched her on the floor at one blow. Then, filled with remorse, Miss Filson, whose passion was as short-lived as it was hot, went down to the jail, axe in hand, and gave herself up to justice, although her sister, on recovering consciousness, declared that Miss Filson was not to blame, and had been “nagged” into the commission of her rash act.

But once Miss Filson had given herself into the clutches of the law, the law proceeded to vindicate itself, and so, after a protracted trial, during which Miss Filson obstinately pleaded guilty, she was sentenced to a year’s imprisonment in the local jail, greatly to her sister’s disgust; for Miss Filson junior, whose skull was particularly thick, had not suffered for more than a week or two from her sister’s vigorous onslaught. Still, it was not considered “good form” in Four Corners that ladies should take the law, and axes, into their own hands, and so, on the whole, Four Corners society decided that the verdict was a just one. At the same time, however, it expressed its intention of calling



*She ranged the bigger stones in front of her, and cracked them with accuracy and despatch.*



on Miss Filson "when she came out," and also conveyed to her, by means legitimate and illegitimate, the fact that everyone was content to let bygones be bygones.

This did not at all accord with Miss Filson's ideas of justice. She was a beautiful, hot-headed girl, and had been thoroughly alarmed at the discovery of her own temper. Also, she had a certain regard for her soul, and knew that murderesses were not admitted to the Kingdom of Heaven. In her way, though subject to violent gusts of passion, Miss Filson was a good girl, who wanted to go to Heaven some day. Still, she was quite aware that if she persisted in indulging her violent passions, her chances of so doing would become extremely remote.

Actuated, therefore, by a spirit of self-mortification, Miss Filson refused to avail herself of any of the little privileges with which the jailer and his wife were anxious to ameliorate her condition. She insisted upon eating nothing but the strict prison fare, and indignantly threw out of the cell her best clothes, which reached her on the first Sunday of her imprisonment, accompanied by a tearful letter from her sister Sybilla. It seemed to Miss Filson that unless her punishment were searching and complete she would be none the better for it, but rather worse. Although she was not condemned to hard labour, she was a muscular girl, and the time hung heavily on her hands. Whereupon she sat down to think out the situation. As the result of her cogitations, she electrified the jailer by requesting him to be good enough to give her a sack, a hammer, and a pile of stones. With the sack she made herself a comfortable seat on the ground, then ranged the bigger stones in front of her, and cracked them with as much accuracy and despatch as if they had been hickory-nuts, greatly to the admiration of the law students in the Court-House, who discreetly stayed away from the windows, but peeped out occasionally to see whether she would do as much work as the customary jail loafers.

Miss Filson, being ambitious, did twice as much work as the other prisoners. Indeed, as time went on, she accumulated so many cartloads of cracked stones in the jail that it became the correct thing in Four Corners society to borrow a load from the jailer just to show a delicate appreciation of the young lady's efforts.

As the months went by, the jailer became alarmed at Miss Filson's sedentary habits, and suggested that she should have a little stroll round the village every evening in order to keep her in health. The good old man was always unaffectedly anxious that his prisoners should be well, mentally and physically, and became full of sympathetic anxiety when things went wrong with them. Hence, he was somewhat surprised when Miss Filson ungratefully replied that if cracking a load of stones every day was not enough to keep her in health, she would give it up as a bad job. Further, she insisted upon being treated as an ordinary prisoner, and said that if he wished to annoy her, he could not do it more effectually than by making distinctions. She wanted to wear a prison dress and eat prison fare, and anything else was "between her and her Maker." The only person she would see was the little Presbyterian minister from Petersville. To him, however, she confessed her sorrow for the act of which she had been guilty, and her determination to lead a better life. "I'm not much more'n a savage," she informed

the reverend gentleman, "and here I mean to stop till the savage gets out of me. Whether it's one year or two years, it's all the same to me; I don't go till the savage does the same."

"But," said the reverend gentleman, "you can't stay here for more than a year; your sentence will be up in about three months."

"Well, unless I get a thorough change of heart in three months' time," said the determined Miss Filson, "here I stop, whether the Government likes it or not."

On hearing of this heroic determination, Mr. Hanks, almost audibly blushing, expressed his opinion that Miss Filson was the finest girl in Four Corners. This speech

load round to the front as to deliver the remaining portion in the strikingly original way he had hit upon.

It must be confessed that, as he grew warmer and warmer, Mr. Hanks' language began to match his temperature. He had quite forgotten the fact that Miss Filson took her evening stroll round the prison-yard, and when, with more than usual energy, he threw over the last two logs at once, he brought that fair, if erring, damsel to the ground with a tremendous crack on the back of her skull.

Miss Filson fell with a blood-curdling groan, and, in his fright, Mr. Hanks nearly tumbled off the wall. What should he do? It was a long way round to the front of

the jail. He knew that he must have hurt somebody pretty badly or the sufferer would not have groaned. Perhaps—! He remembered, with an apprehensive shudder, that Miss Filson was accustomed to take her evening walk in the jail-yard. In all probability he had dropped a log upon her fair head. Although an irresolute man, Mr. Hanks had occasional fits of energy. Seating himself astride on the wall, he drew up the ladder and lowered it on the other side until it touched the ground. Then, clinging to the wall with his hands, his feet just touched the top of the ladder, and, more by good luck than any skill of his own, he contrived to descend without breaking his own neck. In the gathering dusk he was amazed to find Miss Filson stretched motionless at full-length upon the ground. Close by lay the cedar-log which had done the mischief. It was jagged at one end, and had evidently inflicted a wound of some sort, for blood flowed freely from Miss Filson's black hair.

On viewing this gruesome spectacle, Mr. Hanks quite forgot his shyness. Lifting Miss Filson's head upon his knee, he parted the masses of her silky hair in order to find out whether the wound was serious. To his great relief, he discovered that it was merely superficial: she had been stunned by the impact of the falling log.

For some time Miss Filson's head remained upon his knee, but she did not recover consciousness. What was he to do? Never in his life had Mr. Hanks taken a woman in his arms; but, in the circumstances, he saw that there was no other alternative, and, with a shudder of apprehension, raised Miss Filson's beautiful form from the ground.

In a short time her proximity to Mr. Hanks so affected Miss Filson that she groaned, and put one arm round his neck. Although this aided Mr. Hanks in carrying his fair burden, it materially added

to his embarrassment. Miss Filson's arm was not particularly soft, for much stone-breaking had given it the muscle of a man; but as the currents of returning life-blood flowed through it, they also warmed Mr. Hanks' somewhat meagre vital fluid and gave him a curious sensation of mingled pleasure and pain.

"Where am I?" asked Miss Filson, suddenly opening her eyes and holding on to Mr. Hanks with determination. The unexpectedness of her return to life frightened Mr. Hanks to such an extent that he very nearly dropped her.

"Just about at the back door," he said, in tones which he vainly strove to render reassuring.

"Whose back door?" asked Miss Filson.

"Jail back door," said Mr. Hanks, who was a man of few words, and, in his confusion, had fewer than usual.



*Mr. Hanks raised Miss Filson from the ground.*

brought down a good deal of chaff on his devoted head, but he pursued his stolid way without paying much attention to it. One evening, however, Mr. Hanks, having been engaged to deliver a load of wood to the jail authorities, rather than take the trouble to haul the wood round to the front of the jail, hit upon the somewhat original device of taking his steeds along a high bank which was close to the jail-wall. From this bank, he could place a ladder against the top of the wall.

Mr. Hanks' plan answered very well until he got half through the load; then, to his great disgust, he found that he had to go up and down the ladder for each piece of wood. When he made this discovery, Mr. Hanks' language was "painful and frequent and free." Still, on reviewing the situation, it occurred to him that it would be just as much trouble to take the rest of the



"Did an earthquake hit me just now?" asked Miss Filson. "Who are you?" Then she recognised Silas Hanks in the gathering gloom, and felt reassured. "How did you get here?"

"Chucked a log on your head," said the remorseful Silas; "then I climbed down the inside and picked you up and brought you along. I'll kick a hole in this door if somebody doesn't come out and let us in!"

At this moment the venerable jailer opened the door, and was speedily acquainted with the state of affairs. He did not waste time in rebuking Mr. Hanks for throwing wood over the jail-wall, but told him to go for a doctor at once.

"I don't want any luxuries," said Miss Filson, sitting up on one elbow and staring at Silas with her beautiful black eyes. The long confinement in prison had given a certain delicacy and refinement to her somewhat tanned complexion. She was the handsomest girl in Four Corners, and Silas felt a thrill of pleasure as she looked at him.

"But I can't have you die on my hands," said the jailer. "Get a doctor, Silas."

"Oh, my skull's a good deal harder than a log of

plaster, Miss Filson declared that she felt none the worse for the incident.

It suddenly occurred to Silas that his team was still at the back of the yard, if both horses had not tumbled down the bank in the meantime and broken their necks. Although the horses were valuable, he gave the matter only a passing thought, and once more concentrated his thoughts on Miss Filson.

"Guess you must be pretty hungry," said the jailer, suddenly turning to his fair prisoner. "S'pose, by way of a change, you have supper with us? You'd better stay too, Silas," he added paternally.

Silas suddenly took fright, and hurried off to rescue his horses before the jailer could enter an energetic protest. When he returned, after having tied the horses to the jail-palings, he found the jailer and his wife already at supper. Though there were many good things crying aloud to be eaten, Miss Filson, with rigid self-mortification, confined herself to a bowl of porridge, the regulation prison fare, in spite of her host's and hostess's attempts to induce her to partake of roast turkey and cranberry sauce.

Seeing that Miss Filson was obstinate, the jailer

"Reckon then I'll eat my porridge outside your cell," he said calmly; and Miss Filson, for once in her life, silently admitted that she had met her master.

"P'raps it 'ud be more sociable," said the jailer, turning to Miss Filson, "if Silas was to drop in on Sunday and take supper with us ag'in. You'll do the same, won't you?"

"I guess not," said Miss Filson sternly. "I'm a prisoner, ain't I?"

"Oh, yes, you're a prisoner," said the jailer, "but that needn't prevent your bein' sociable. Some pris'ners is so stuck up they look down on us and take their meals alone."

Miss Filson drew herself up to her full height. "What's the good of being in prison," she said, with a suspicion of an impending tempest of tears—"what's the good of being a prisoner if I ain't going to be uncomfortable? Why, I might just as well be at a party as enjoying myself like this!" Before anyone could stay her, she dashed out of the room and went back to her cell.

The jailer looked after her in amazement. "Poor thing!" he said sorrowfully. "Poor thing! She'll be



THE FUNERAL OF THE EMPRESS FREDERICK: HER LATE MAJESTY'S HUSSARS IN THE PROCESSION.

wood," said Miss Filson, thinking how she had experimented on her own sister's cranium. "Do you suppose that if our family hadn't thick heads we could ever have worried through life at Four Corners! Let me get well without a doctor. I'm a prisoner, and I don't want the Government to pay for any luxuries on my account."

Mr. Hanks at once said that he agreed with Miss Filson, and that he, for one, would not be a party to fetching the doctor.

"Well, then," said Miss Filson, sitting up and putting her hand to her aching brow, "don't let 's have any more nonsense about doctors. If you'll get me a basin of water and a towel I'll soon put myself right."

When Silas came back with a basin of water, the jailer had already clipped away some of Miss Filson's hair from the wound. The hair itself lay carelessly on the table, and filled the heart of Silas with admiration. When he thought Miss Filson was not looking, he slipped it surreptitiously into his pocket.

Miss Filson's heightened colour as she met Silas's ardent glance at once convinced him that she had seen what he had done. "I ain't going to give it back," he said aloud, in his confusion. Miss Filson turned the subject by leaning somewhat giddily against the jailer, and telling him that she felt faint. Then Silas had the pleasure of bathing the wound, and, after the application of a large piece of sticking-

turned to Silas. "Pass your plate for some turkey. I'd quite forgotten you."

"No, thank you," said Silas, though he yearned for roast turkey, after his day's hard work in the bush. "Guess I'll try some of Miss Filson's porridge."

Miss Filson stopped eating, and regarded him with some interest. "Take your turkey at once when it's offered to you, and stop this foolishness," she said severely. "Some day you mayn't be able to get any."

"Well, then, I guess I ain't going to have it now," said Silas, with equal obstinacy. Taking a porridge-bowl from a side-table he helped himself liberally to that somewhat uninviting food, and made heroic efforts to get it down.

Miss Filson's eyes fell before Silas's ardent gaze. She was starving in the midst of these luxuries because she did not think it right to eat them herself, whereas Silas was merely doing the same thing in the hope of pleasing her. If this were the case, there must be a good deal more in him than she had imagined. She made yet another effort. "If you won't take your share of that turkey," she said sternly, "I'll go back to my cell and eat my porridge there. How can you expect to be strong enough to throw logs at people if you half starve yourself!"

Silas rose to the occasion with unconscious heroism.

quite vexed with me if I don't lock her in her cell same as I forgot last night. She asks me to do it every night as a favour, and I haven't the heart to refuse her anything."

Silas would very much have liked to follow Miss Filson. Dreading to lessen the impression, however, which he had evidently made on her, he remained where he was without lifting his eyes from the porridge-bowl.

"Better change your mind and have some turkey, after all," said the jailer's wife, preparing to help him liberally. "Don't pay any attention to her silly tantrums. We've done our best to make her comfortable, and she looks upon it as an insult. She can't see you, anyway."

Silas regarded his hostess with mute reproach. Then he finished his porridge, although it cost him a severe internal effort, warmly shook hands with his entertainers, and went home, but not to sleep. In his dreams he hurled cedar-logs at Miss Filson all night. When they reached her they changed to roses. She pelted him with roses, and the roses became porridge-bowls. Then he awoke with a start, and found his old black cat sitting on his chest and the grey dawn stealing through the cabin-window.

"Must have been that porridge," he said, crawling into his clothes. "Reckon I'd better see Doc. Hinkson and find out what's the matter with me."

(To be concluded next week.)



THE FUNERAL OF THE EMPRESS FREDERICK.



The Kaiser. The King.

KING EDWARD AND THE KAISER IN THE PROCESSION THROUGH THE PARK AT POTSDAM, AUGUST 13.

*The royal personages were escorted by the 1st Foot Guards, Frederick the Great's Regiment, wearing their historic Grenadier caps.*



THE COFFIN IN THE PROCESSION THROUGH THE PARK AT POTSDAM, AUGUST 13.



THE FUNERAL OF THE EMPRESS FREDERICK.



KING EDWARD AND THE KAISER AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE CHURCH, CRONBERG, AUGUST 11.



THE FUNERAL OF THE EMPRESS FREDERICK.



THE EMPEROR AND KING EDWARD DRIVING TO CRONBERG CHURCH ON SUNDAY, AUGUST 11, TO ATTEND THE FUNERAL SERVICE.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, A. FORESTIER.



# THE WIDENING OF PICCADILLY.



SKETCH-MAP SHOWING THE COUNTY COUNCIL'S SCHEME.



THE FREQUENTED SIDE OF PICCADILLY.



THE UNFREQUENTED SIDE, WHERE THE ALTERATION WILL BE MADE.



"IN MY MIND'S EYE, HORATIO": PICCADILLY WIDENED ACCORDING TO THE SCHEME OF THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.





# THE MISHAP TO THE VICTORIANS AT BURGSPRUIT ON JUNE 12.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

Under the guidance of traitors, Viljoen and Muller crept up to the sleeping camp about half-past eight in the morning, and opened a terrific fire on men and horses. In the wildest confusion, our soldiers sprang up and rushed for their rifles, but the Boers covered the stacks of piled arms and poured in a heavy fire. A Boer shouted to a trooper in the horse lines to hold up his hands, and on his obeying, shot him down. "You coward," cried a wounded officer who lay near by, and pulling out his revolver, he shot him dead. "Everywhere," says Mr. Bennet Burleigh in the "Daily Telegraph," "explosive bullets flicked, flashing about like brilliant fireflies or will-o'-the-wisps." Of the Victorians, twenty were killed and forty wounded.



## LITERATURE.

## NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

*Mary Hamilton.* By Lord Ernest Hamilton. (London: Methuen. 6s.)  
*The Seven Houses.* By Hamilton Drummond. (London: Ward, Lock, & Co. 10s.)  
*Betwixt the Ling and the Lowland.* By W. Carter Platts. (London: D. B. 10s.)  
*The Story of the Stock Exchange.* By Charles Duguid. (London: Grant Richards. 6s.)  
*A Book of Brittany.* By S. Baring-Gould. (London: Methuen. 6s.)  
*The Country I Come From.* By Henry Lawson. (London: W. Blackwood and Sons. 6s.)  
*The Story of His Life from a Stonemason's Bench to the Treasure Bench.* By Mr. Henry Broadhurst, M.P. (London: Hutchinson. 10s.)

There can be no doubt that in "Mary Hamilton" Lord Ernest Hamilton has given us a most fascinating story—the most stirring and dramatic historical romance that has come in our way for a long time. We lifted this volume with but faint expectations of entertainment, biassed by an unworthy prejudice against titled authors. But "A man's a man for a' that"; and Lord Ernest Hamilton is not to be classed with the dilettante who only dabbles in literature. Lord Darnley, the boy-husband of the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots, is the hero, and a sorry enough figure he cuts at times. With his fortunes those of Mary Hamilton, to whom he had been married secretly, are inextricably bound up, and the story of these two, which perhaps halts a little in the opening chapters, grows in interest and intensity as step by step they move towards the tragic and inevitable climax. Daughter of the mad Earl of Arran by a secret marriage, Mary carried in her blood the awful, yet—as things turned out—merciful heritage of insanity. For mad she undoubtedly became, and yet was happier far than that crowned Mary, wedded, but no wife. Perhaps Lord Ernest is at his best in the portrayal of the scene that followed on the murder of Riccio. Bothwell, James Douglas, Moray, and the King figure in the drama, and betwixt much plain speaking and blood-letting there is no lack of movement. The blunt Bothwell has apparently an admirer in the author, and certainly much good sense is put into his mouth, though whether there is any historic warrant for the part played by Queen Mary's third husband we do not know.

At some early period in the history of France there came an Italian astrologer to the towers of a French noble to cast the horoscope of the nobleman's granddaughter and heiress. In the jargon of the horoscope, destiny is planned in "houses," and these give a name to Mr. Drummond's story, "The Seven Houses." It is impossible to say that the adventures of Denise are thrilling, or to say what might have been made of them if Mr. Drummond had employed an intelligible style. He seems to have set himself to write like Mr. Maurice Hewlett, and the result is a wearisome affectation. His characters address one another in a diction that would have bored them to death. We would rather have the "Marry come up!" and "By my halidame, mistress!" of the old historical novels than Mr. Drummond's laborious patchwork. Through this we perceive dimly that Denise is cajoled into marriage with a gentleman whose face she does not see at the altar. When he actually presents himself later, he is a perfect stranger, with whom she falls in love, not knowing him to be her husband. Something might have been made of this idea if Mr. Drummond had condescended to write English.

It is impossible to read the three hundred dull pages that make up "Betwixt Ling and Lowland" without a wish that the author had confined his attentions to the journals from which certain chapters are reprinted. We do not often find a work that says more and conveys less to the reader. Country sketches, to be worthy of preservation in permanent form, should claim some gifts of originality in thought or expression, some quality of style to distinguish them from the journalistic acceptable to newspapers that are technical rather than literary. We have read "Betwixt the Ling and the Lowland" steadily without finding any literary merit or gift of observation outside the verses that head the chapters. These are taken from Shakspeare, Shelley, Wordsworth, and others, and serve to throw into strong relief the poverty of the work they precede. Mr. W. Carter Platts refers to the morning milk as a "matutinal lacteal supply"; he indulges in phrases put into italics, intersperses his uninteresting narrative with scraps of hackneyed Latin quotations, and, as though to show the length to which he is prepared to go, has illustrated the book with pen-and-ink sketches of a quality equal to that of the letter-press they affect to lighten. The publication of a book like this is matter for regret: it has no gifts or graces, little form, and no justification. The author speaks of himself as a literary man, and says that ladies of his acquaintance admire his works. Let us hope that he

finds sufficient satisfaction in the applause of his friends, and that they will advise him not to put his literary gifts to the test of publication again. Clearly the publishing facilities of the present day are not without abuses as well as advantages. Such a book as this might kill a literary reputation; it could never make or preserve one.

"Tessa: The Trader's Wife" is not a complete novel, as the reader might imagine from the title, but two short stories bound together to make a small two-and-sixpenny volume. We believe it would be better if the reader were frankly apprised at the outset that he is sitting down to two short stories instead of a long one. If he is left to find it out for himself he feels an irritation on making the discovery, and that irritation may prejudice his mind against the author. Thus the author suffers for the publisher's device. That were the more unfair in this case, because both of Mr. Becke's stories are excellent. There is less description of Pacific scenery than we have seen in some other of his books, but to make up for that the human interest is intensely strong. In "Tessa" there is a mutiny of native sailors on behalf of Harvey Carr, the trader, who has been put in irons by their brutal captain. The reader's sympathy is entirely with the mutineers. How they fared on escaping from the burning vessel is the theme of the story. A striking feature of "Tessa" is the author's obvious regard for the religious feeling and general character of the South Sea Islanders. In *morale*, indeed, they compare very favourably with their white companions. As for "The Trader's Wife," it is the story of a terrible revenge, told with an almost barbaric simplicity.

"A Book of Brittany" has been written by Mr. Baring-Gould for the purpose, as he says, of preparing the mind of the traveller to appreciate what the guide-books point out to him as worth seeing. The Armorican

passengers in a New Zealand coach. Patriotism, he explains, is "false, ignorant sentiment, mother of hatred, murder, and slavery." Presently he sniffs the scent of some Australian gum-trees, planted by the New Zealand Government. He becomes excited and then thoughtful. A British tourist on the coach remarks, "I can't see much in Australia"; and the enemy of patriotism breaks out in a rage, "What do you Britishers know about Australia? She's as good as England, anyway!" With which sentiment we hasten to concur.

"The Story of the Stock Exchange," by Mr. Duguid, is not remarkable for elegance of style. The author writes well enough while he confines himself to plain English, but his more ambitious flights are simply a resounding nothingness. He talks somewhere of "a phase of the Stock Exchange being flushed with a luminous effulgence." Business men should confine themselves to plain statements; their more ornate speech is apt to be grotesque. It is only fair to remark, however, that, as a general rule, Mr. Duguid expresses himself with a rough-and-ready simplicity; and it would be hard to better the matter of his book. The expert will find the history and development of the Stock Exchange presented with a clearness and fullness that leaves nothing to be desired. The general reader will find a wealth of anecdote, always apposite and often witty, and possessed in most cases of a genuine historical importance. We have letters from Swift to Stella, for example, in which he comments on his dealings down in Change Alley. We see the rise of the great houses of Rothschild and of Baring. We have stories of the literary men of the "House," Ricardo, Heseltine, Horace Smith, and many others. How many people know that Thomas Guy, the founder of Guy's Hospital, was a poor bookseller, who, becoming a stockbroker, left behind him half a million of money—most of which went in charity? The close connection between the worlds of politics and finance provides the material of many an interesting page. The later portions of the book are chiefly concerned with the tragedies and comedies that have been enacted in the "House" during recent times, and this should give it a peculiar interest to members of the present day. On the whole, it is a valuable work, and such as only an expert could have written.

Mr. Henry Broadhurst has written his autobiography with good sense and unaffected simplicity. It says something for the elasticity of our institutions that, in what is often called a class-ridden country, a stonemason can become an Under-Secretary of State. Mr. Broadhurst's career shows that this can be done by ability, hard work, and honest devotion to public interests. No man who has risen from the humblest rank to a position in political life was ever less of a demagogue. Mr. Broadhurst proves this incidentally by his candid treatment of some of the labour movements with which he has been associated. With

the keenest interest in the welfare of the working classes, he combines a shrewd perception of their errors. He was never a place-hunter, and he refused more than one post that would have ensured to him a comfortable salary from the country for the rest of his life. When he was Under-Secretary for the Home Office, he amazed his chief, Mr. Childers, by declining to be presented at Court. He would not wear a Court suit, without which that ceremony was impossible, and the Queen, when the matter was explained by the bewildered Home Secretary, sympathised with Mr. Broadhurst, and relieved him from the customary duty. He is the only English Minister who has never worn a Court suit or a dress coat. He has not suffered on that account in the esteem of his Sovereign or of the distinguished people of all shades of politics who learned to respect his character. Special marks of consideration were shown to him by the Prince and Princess of Wales, and he gives an amusing account of his visit to Sandringham, where he inspected the cottages on the royal estate, and hobnobbed with his future King over a glass of ale in the village public-house. On one occasion Mr. Broadhurst told Sir John Mowbray that he had been at Christ Church. The courteous member for Oxford University was rather staggered by this audacious statement until Mr. Broadhurst explained that when he was a stonemason in his early days, he had helped to mend the chimney-pots on the College. That anecdote is a good illustration of the honest pride which is equally removed from complacency and false humility. What Mr. Broadhurst has done for the well-being of his own class is clearly set forth in his modest narrative. As Mr. Augustine Birrell says in an excellent introduction: "Scldom has such rapid progress been made so peacefully in matters so dangerously charged and stuffed to the mouth with class prejudice and angry passions." For that good fortune the country is indebted in no small degree to the courage, capacity, and patience of the Oxfordshire stonemason who used to tramp hundreds of miles with his tools on his back in search of a livelihood.



A BRETON DANCE.

Reproduced from "A Book of Brittany," by permission of Messrs. Methuen.

peninsula is so rich in legendary lore that it cannot fail to fascinate a chronicler such as the Rector of Lew Trenchard, and one looks not in vain for the story of Hervé, the blind bard whose history forms so engrossing a chapter in Montalembert's "Monks of the West." A special word of praise must be given to the beautiful illustrations included in the volume. From these, we are permitted to copy that of the Breton Gavotte, one of the two national dances of the country. The other dance is called the "ping-pong," but it is not so picturesque or pretty as the gavotte. Another characteristic of Breton life, sketched with pen and pencil in the present volume, is the "Pardon," which is to the Breton what a revival is to a Cornish Methodist and a camp meeting to a Yorkshire Nonconformist. "It is," says Mr. Baring-Gould, "an institution too unique and too intimately bound up with Breton life to be passed over without notice, but to attend at a Pardon with covered head and clicking a kodak is to commit a sacrilege and an impertinence." It is, briefly, the feast of the patron saint of a church or chapel, celebrated often not at the parish church, but at some lonely oratory rarely visited at other times. It is the wake, feast, or revel with its mediæval features unaltered, and with the religious element intensified.

The country Mr. Lawson comes from is Australia, and his volume is composed of short stories and sketches of life and manners on that continent. For the most part, the life does not conform to any of the rules enforced in old-fashioned communities, but it is full of the human nature of sheep-shearers, squatters, gold-diggers, and pioneers in general. There are, moreover, many of the nondescript persons who hang on the fringe of every imperfectly organised society, and gain a livelihood without working for it. Mr. Lawson handles them all with much humour and freshness of observation. A good illustration of his manner is the sketch entitled, "His Country—After All." An Australian from the United States abuses his native country to his fellow-





"INTO THE JAWS OF DEATH": EXECUTION OF THREE REBEL SIOUX INDIANS.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

*Three Sioux Indians, recently condemned to death for rebellion, begged that they might advance on horseback in full war-paint to meet the firing-party. The request was granted. The condemned retreated for a short distance, sang their death-song, and then, shouting their war-cry and discharging their carbines, loaded blank, rode furiously to instant death.*



## ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

There are a couple of words which rarely, if ever, find their way into the biographies of eminent English statesmen, whether such books be written before or after their death. These words are "jobbery" and "corruption." Nothing surprised Palmerston so much as the Stock Exchange transactions of Talleyrand when he was French Ambassador at the Court of St. James's. Those speculations were based upon news gathered at Downing Street, which he transmitted to his friend Monrond, waiting for him outside in his carriage. Monrond drove post-haste to the City, and the trick was done. Bismarck recounted with similar astonishment, not unmixed with disgust, analogous combinations on the part of Louis Philippe, who started false rumours of strained relations between this or that foreign Government and France which might possibly lead to war. Thereupon, the French funds fell, to resume their normal quotations four-and-twenty hours later, when the fictitious report was officially denied; and meanwhile the Citizen King had bagged a considerable profit.

Such things do not arouse surprise in the minds of even the most incorruptible French or Italian Ministers, albeit they themselves would not condescend to such trafficking. Guizot, who up to the last lived by his literary labours when not in office, and who died comparatively poor, uttered many severe and scathing remarks upon Adolphe Thiers, who was very wealthy long before his death. The wealth was not solely derived from the royalties on his works or from the hoarded appointments of his office. At no period of his life was Thiers entirely without personal or written communication with his stockbroker for more than a few days. Yet Guizot never censured those proceedings of his political opponent. Morny, the half-brother of Napoleon III., was as great an adept at "bulling" and "bearing" as the author of "The Consulate and the Empire," and I could make a list of at least a score of Ministers of the Third Napoleon's reign, as well as of the actual régime, who governed with one eye fixed on the Quai d'Orsay and the other on the Place de la Bourse. Jules Simon, who had to write literally to his dying day in order to keep the wolf from the door, and who lived on a fifth floor on the Place de la Madeleine, would as soon have committed a burglary in his own Ministry of the Interior as have used his position as a means of increasing his resources by speculations.

A well-known Italian diplomatist, who has only recently left London to exchange his post for a more important one, told me a couple of years ago that, with very few exceptions, Italian Ministers—as distinct from diplomatists—all "feather their nests," or at least endeavour to do so. Consequently, when a Disraeli, a Guizot, or a Jules Simon dies poor, his poverty is not only accounted a wonder, but a virtue, by almost every French, Italian, and Spanish journalist. To the very small number of statesmen of the so-called Latin nations thus distinguished must be added the name of Francesco Crispi. The fact of his demise in peculiarly straitened circumstances has been so prominently brought forward in France, Italy, and Spain as to tempt English scribes still further to emphasise this rare, not to say extraordinary, evidence of the honesty of a great—or reputedly great—statesman of quasi-Latin origin.

I do not profess to be more analytical in my diagnoses of eminent men's characters than the majority of my English fellow-journalists, but I venture to doubt whether his "exceptional honesty" in money matters compensated for his almost entire lack of the qualities that ordinarily go to the making of a great statesman. In my opinion, Crispi's claim to such an appellation is altogether unfounded. He was practically an incendiary who at a very opportune moment turned fireman in order to save a fabric newly erected, and without the smallest co-operation on his part, from destruction. He was a conspirator from the outset of his life, and, until the very end, conspiracy—which is sometimes disguised under the euphemism of "political combination," was as the breath of his nostrils. When the political history of the latter half of the nineteenth century comes to be written, three men only will be deemed worthy of foremost places in it—namely, Camillo Cavour, Otto von Bismarck, and Benjamin Disraeli. The three great plays due to their brains are called "United Italy," "United Germany," and "Imperialism." Only one lived to see his work finished—namely, the Great Chancellor. The other two departed life while their task was but half accomplished. Nevertheless, they will share with Bismarck the admiration of posterity.

These three men had unquestionably sterling collaborators. Bismarck had the best in the shape of Wilhelm I. of Prussia, Moltke, von Roon, and he who for a short time was Emperor Frederick III. Disraeli up to his death had—Benjamin Disraeli; and Camillo Cavour had Victor Emmanuel II. In spite of this, those who weigh things carefully, irrespective of the wealth and importance of the three stages—otherwise countries—in whose interest those plays were conceived, will not hesitate to give the Italian the very foremost place. Crispi was not even an excellent stage-manager after the play had run for a considerable time, for he was in the habit of hectoring some of the actors and of wasting the resources of the directorate because he had not the courage to be unpopular—when he was in office. Crispi's alliance with Bismarck, which many consider his foremost title to posthumous fame, has been the reverse of beneficial to Italy. According to Machiavelli, Belphegor never ceased to repent his union with the proud, cantankerous, and forbidding Honesta, who was for ever reminding him of the signal honour she had done to him by marrying him; and as to her pride and overbearing temper she added very expensive tastes, Belphegor finally ruined himself without having satisfied all of his spouse's desires. Crispi was not responsible for Italy's entering the Triple Alliance, but he tightened the bond instead of loosening it when he had the opportunity.

## CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to Chess Editor.

HERBERT A. SALWAY.—Thanks for your letter. You will be gratified to learn that your excellent problem was much appreciated by our solvers.

H. S. B. (Norway), G. R. S., and OTHERS.—There is only one key-move to Problem No. 2980.

G. S. J. (Cobham).—If, as you propose, 1. B to K 3rd, P to Kt 4th, 2. B to B sq, P takes P is the defence.

BANARSI DAS (Moradabad).—Your last problem is very good. It shall appear shortly.

A. W. DANIEL.—1. Q to B 8th (ch) is another solution.

H. D'O. BERNARD and IRVING CHAPIN.—Good, and marked for early publication.

W. WALLER (Luton).—No. 1 is an impossible position. How could the White Bishop be at Q R sq while the Q Kt P stands unmoved? The other problem shall be examined.

I. DESANGES.—Many thanks. The new position shall have every attention.

SORRENTO, E. J. WINTER WOOD, and MARTIN F.—The problem deserves your good opinion.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2982 received from C. A. M. (Penang); of No. 2983 from C. A. M. (Penang) and Banarsi Das (Moradabad); of No. 2984 from Richard Burke (Teldeniya, Ceylon) and Banarsi Das; of No. 2985 from Banarsi Das (Moradabad), M. Shaida Ali Khan (Rampur), and Richard Burke (Ceylon); of No. 2987 from Cedric and Leonard Owen (Russia), and J. Bailey (Newark); of No. 2988 from T. Roberts, Cedric and Leonard Owen (Russia), and J. Bryden (Wimbledon); of No. 2989 from J. Hall, C. H. Allen, A. J. Allen, C. E. Perugini, C. M. A. B., Miss D. Gregson, F. R. Pickering, Henry A. Donovan (Listowel), L. Penfold, H. Le Jeune, Eugene Henry (Lewisham), T. Colledge Halliburton (Edinburgh), J. D. Tucker (Ilkley), Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), and G. T. Hughes (Dublin).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2990 received from Charles Burnett, Martin F., J. D. Tucker (Ilkley), Sorrento, F. W. Moore (Brighton), J. Bryden (Wimbledon), G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), T. Roberts, Frank Wilkinson (Hastings), Eugene Henry, E. J. Winter Wood, and Alpha.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2980.—By IRVING CHAPIN.

WHITE.

1. R to K 3rd

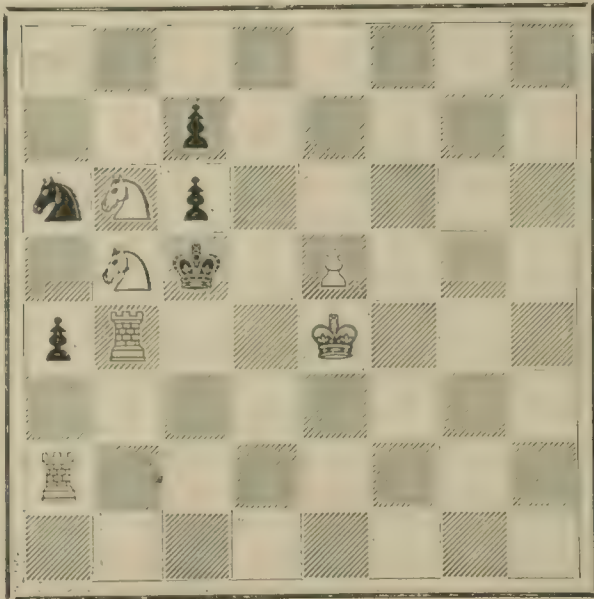
2. Mates.

BLACK.

Any move

PROBLEM No. 2992.—By C. W. (Sunbury).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

## CHESS IN SCOTLAND.

Game played between Messrs. J. M. FINLAYSON and M. MCKEE.

(Remove Black's K B P.)

WHITE (Mr. F.)	BLACK (Mr. McK.)	WHITE (Mr. F.)	BLACK (Mr. McK.)
1. P to K 4th	P to Q 3rd	11. Q Kt to Q 2nd	Kt to K 4th
2. P to Q 4th	P to Q 3rd	12. Q to K sq	Kt (Kt 3) to B 5
3. Kt to Q 3rd	Kt to Q 3rd	13. B takes Kt	Kt takes B
4. P to Q 3rd	Kt to Q 3rd	14. B to B 2nd	B to Kt 5th
5. P to Q 3rd	Kt to Q 3rd	15. Kt to Q 4th	B to K 5th
6. P to Q 3rd	Kt to Q 3rd	16. Q to K 3rd	Q to Kt 4th
7. P to Q 3rd	Kt to Q 3rd	17. K to R sq	B to R 6th
8. P to Q 3rd	Kt to Q 3rd	18. P to K Kt 3rd	B to R 7th (ch)
9. Kt to Q 3rd	Kt to Q 3rd	19. K to Kt sq	Kt to R 6th (ch)
10. Castles	Castles	20. K takes B	Q takes Q
		21. Kt to B 4th	Q to R 3rd
		22. K takes Kt	B to B 3rd (ch)
		23. K to Kt 2nd	B takes Kt
		24. P takes B	P to Q Kt 4th
		25. Kt to R 3rd	Q to Q 7th (ch)
		26. K to Kt sq	P to Kt 5th
		27. Q R to Q sq	R takes R (ch)
		28. K takes R	R to B sq (ch)

## CHESS IN RUSSIA.

Game played between Mr. P. SAROCOFF and an AMATEUR.

(Sicilian Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Amateur).	WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Amateur).
1. P to K 4th	P to Q 4th	21. Q takes B	Q takes R P
2. Kt to K B 3rd	P to K 3rd	22. P to Q Kt 3rd	Q to R 4th
3. Kt to B 3rd	P to Q R 3rd	23. Kt to B 2nd	Q to Kt 4th
4. P to Q 4th	P takes P	24. R to K sq	P to Q R 4th
5. Kt takes P	Q to B 2nd	25. Kt to Kt 4th	R to R 3rd
6. B to Q 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	26. R to K B 3rd	Q to B 3rd
7. B to K Kt 5th	Kt to K 2nd	27. Q to Q 3rd	R to K sq
8. Castles	Kt to B 3rd	28. Kt to B 2nd	K to R sq
9. Kt takes Kt	Kt P takes Kt	29. Kt to K 4th	
10. K to R sq	P to K 4th		
11. P to K B 4th			
12. P to Q 4th	B to Kt 2nd		
13. Q to K 2nd	Castles (K R)		
14. R to B 3rd	P to Q 4th		
15. Q R to K B sq			
16. Kt to Q sq	P to Q 4th		
17. R to Kt 3rd	P to B 5th		
18. B takes Kt	B takes B		
19. B takes P	B takes P		
20. B takes P (ch)	Q takes B		

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

A shrewd observer once wrote a book on "Insanity and Genius." The title alone is significant. I hope I am in no sense misreading the intent and purport of the work when I say that one of its main contentions, as far as I can remember, was to demonstrate the narrow, or often imperceptible, line that appears to separate the territory of the cultivated mind from that wherein insanity dwells. The thesis that what we call genius is often to be found related to abnormal states of intellect, is probably one that is as old as thinking humanity itself. This opinion was certainly reflected by poets long before Dryden, whose lines—

Great wits are sure to madness near allied,  
And thin partitions do their bounds divide,

are familiar to us all.

I have often felt intense sympathy for the eminent persons whose mental territory is thus placed in close juxtaposition, and by some extremists made identical with, the domain of those who exhibit aberrations of the mental state. Myself, I feel that the geniuses are being rather hardly dealt with in modern days, when even a wise man's love-letters are not free from the prying eyes of the biographer, and when, it may be, the Socratic fate of having a teacup thrown at the head of a genius by his irate partner in life would certainly be dilated upon as a highly interesting incident in his career. In the first place, when we speak about genius being allied to insanity, it might be well for us to have some regard to the nature of the latter state or condition. I am not unwise enough to attempt to define insanity. An old professor of mine was given to allege that if you did so in the course of, say, a criminal trial, you would either make the definition so wide that it would include the judge on the bench or so narrow that the prisoner at the bar would be left out.

Until we have all settled, then, upon a definition of what insanity is, it would seem useless to discuss how nearly genius is related to it. But one observer has at least been bold enough to formulate a definition. He alleges that a man is insane when he fails to adjust himself properly to his surroundings. Perhaps this is as successful an idea of morbid mind-action as we may hope for. I can see how the advocates of the view that genius is a kind of insane predilection for getting at truth more rapidly than it is arrived at by other people, might found their case on the definition in question. A well-known Scottish scholar and divine in the days of knee-breeches was often seen wearing on one leg a white stocking and on the other a black one. Clearly he was out of touch with his environment, and was regarded in other ways as being "eccentric," but he was very far from being "daft," as they say in the North Country, all the same. What one may assert is that where men of genius exhibit peculiarities of behaviour, forgetfulness of social duties, absentmindedness, and like traits of character, they illustrate an eccentricity which is, however, very far removed from insanity. Insane people are often eccentric. It would surely be passing the bounds of reason to assert that all eccentric men are insane.

Very recently Mr. Havelock Ellis has been giving to the world the result of his researches on the diseases with which men of genius have been afflicted, and to which they have succumbed. There is more hope of getting at something interesting about geniuses from the physical side than from the mental aspect. Great intellects must vary in their brain-characters as regards their work as does one leaf from another; but the physical characters present a more hopeful field for research. Thus it has often been remarked that many intellectual men are small of stature, while many giants are feeble-minded. This is not a rule absolute, but it represents a condition of things sufficiently prominent to deserve noting. If the body grows very rapidly, and the brain—whose highest centres are the last to unfold—is left out in the cold somewhat, we can understand the want of intellectual power in the big man. It is a case of *the hand with the genius*. His brain-centres develop rapidly, and, absorbing the vital energy, leave the body behind in the developmental race.

Mr. Ellis, however, labours in another field. He tells us that many eminent men have suffered from nervous ailments, a point perfectly appreciable when the exercise of "great wits" is considered. They have often stammered and stuttered, for example, and, one might add, have often been slow of speech, and have shown difficulty in expressing themselves. I can recall one notable example of this fact in the case of one of the most learned, distinguished, and genial men of the time. So feeble a lecturer was he that when he went to be knighted, leaving a certain Mr. Day to do his work at college, and returned to his class, his students had inscribed on the blackboard the text, "Work ye, while it is called Day, for the Knight cometh when no man can work." A great man seldom makes a good teacher.

Our great men have been unduly afflicted with gout, which Dr. Sydenham, himself a martyr to that affliction, called "the disease of kings." Nor has epilepsy spared some of our geniuses; but this ailment, it is well known, is often associated with a singularly high type of intellect. There has also been started a view of matters that geniuses, through their ailments, have often had to spend their lives in a kind of double fashion: between a period of mental activity when well, and a period of mental quiet when they have been ailing. The latter period, it is held, represents the reflective and recuperative brain-time, the former indicating its working hours. I fear this view will require much more elaboration than has yet been its fate. That, at least, which we may say of the genius at large, is that he is often physically weaker than other men, and probably so because his very excellences represent a want of due proportion betwixt the work of his body and that of his brain.



# THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND YORK AT DUNEDIN.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GUY, DUNEDIN



THE ROYAL PARTY WATCHING THE CHILDREN'S DEMONSTRATION ON THE CALEDONIAN GROUNDS.



THE CHILDREN'S DEMONSTRATION ON THE CALEDONIAN GROUNDS.



THE RECEPTION OF THE ROYAL PARTY.



THE LUNCHEON IN THE CHORAL HALL TO VETERANS AND RETURNED TROOPS FROM SOUTH AFRICA.



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CORNWALL LEAVING THE TRIANGLE AFTER LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE QUEEN'S STATUE.



# A CANVAS CITY: THE BOER REFUGEE CAMP AT VOLKSRUST.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE BRITISH CHAPLAIN, THE REV. C. STANDISH ENSELL.



CHILDREN DIGGING TRENCHES IN THE DUST.



HEWERS OF WOOD AND DRAWERS OF WATER.



UNPACKING THE WAGONS.



BOERS CUTTING UP WOOD FOR FUEL.



COOKING-RANGES MADE OF BISCUIT-TINS.



PICKABACK.



AT THE PUMP.



DISTRIBUTION OF FIREWOOD AND COAL.





SKETCHES AT THE NAVAL VOLUNTEERS' REGATTA AT BRIGHTON.



UNVEILING A STATUE OF THE LATE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE AT EASTBOURNE ON AUGUST 17.



## LADIES' PAGE.

The King seems to have definitely adopted the graceful method of leading his Consort by the hand when they are walking together on occasions of ceremony. This pretty fashion was much remarked upon by those present in the House of Lords at the opening of Parliament, and it was again adopted when the royal couple approached the catafalque of their late lamented sister to lay upon it their



AN AFTERNOON TOILETTE FOR THE COUNTRY.

last tribute of affection. At that touching moment, no doubt, both the King and Queen remembered that their first meeting took place under the kindly auspices of the late Empress. It was arranged that the then Prince of Wales and the young lady who at that date was called by the Prince Consort merely "Princess of Holstein" should have a first meeting that should appear to be casual, so that if they did not care for one another gossip might be obviated. The Prince of Wales, therefore, ostensibly went to witness the autumn manœuvres of the Prussian army on the Rhine, and these being, of course, attended by the Crown Prince of Prussia, accompanied by his wife, it was natural that the first interviews of the young people should take place under their auspices in the Castle of Heidelberg, where they were staying. Queen Alexandra was but sixteen at the date of that fateful interview, at which "the young people took a great liking to each other," and her future was decided. No effect will be produced on dress by the mourning ordered to be worn for the late Empress. Everybody was already provided with black, and this is the dullest time of all the year in fashion, when we do not want to get any fresh frocks.

I am sorry to learn from Mrs. Archibald Little, who founded an anti-foot-binding society for the benefit of the Chinese women, which was taken up by many influential Chinese, that this movement is quite checked for the present by recent events. She knows that many of the native families in which the girls' feet had been unbound have had to resume the practice, at least in appearance, else they would have been injured or killed by their neighbours for having so far associated themselves with the foreigners as to be prevailed upon by those detested influences to give up a national custom. All the good work that was being done for the Chinese women in the medical direction, too, not only in curing the present sufferers from disease, but in training native girls to help their suffering fellow-countrywomen in the future, is at a standstill. Is it not sad?

The agony caused to the poor little Chinese girls by foot-binding is frightful, and only comparable to, if it does not even exceed, the magnitude of that caused by the early marriages of India. Anybody who pretends that our own customs are to be named in comparison with these evil practices exaggerates absurdly. Yet we are not without our own needless and foolish sources of suffering from custom or fashion—tight corsets and trailing skirts twining round the feet, for instance. The latter blunder is attacked by Dr. May Dickenson Berry in a

letter to the *Times*. So apart from the inconvenience is probably directly res. The dust picked up on a railway-platform or the and scattered on our carpet, may transfer the dust to his mouth." Dreadful other hand, is it really are, as now, in fashion out of doors? I throw minutes, and by accident in the wearer's hand. In matter of fact, it is, what dust than the so-called only just clears the ground the dust, a skirt must be the ground. In wet weather in order to keep out of the "walking-skirt" nearly we all of us know per experience that such skirts more of the dirt of the that are carried in the woman the person the train.

Will last out necessit active climate consumm germs v reform t for ours flowing behold. opposed regard t do as of ness and we are cherishe mere ra delight, Fashion our cling the refor having a " Simple least ty They are are of a to give t sweep r these li women v There is the latte worn ove with stiff silk pass more or *genre* of the eleg embroide for movi the heat places w sun dur autumn

Gard that is a

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ECCLESIASTICAL  
NOTES.

Canon Armitage Robinson attracted large congregations at Westminster Abbey on the first two Sunday afternoons of the month; and strangers from all parts of England and from America have taken the opportunity of hearing Canon Gore at the evening service in the nave.

The Bishop of Chichester, who is spending his holiday in Norway, is likely to be absent till the middle of September. He is to preside over this year's Church Congress, which meets at Brighton on Tuesday, Oct. 1.

Canon Scott Holland preached to a very large congregation at St. Mary's Cathedral Church, Edinburgh, on Sunday, and paid a striking tribute to the late Bishop Westcott.

Canon Benham left Murren at the beginning of last week for London, after three weeks' holiday in Switzerland.

One of the most successful of the recently appointed London clergy is the Rev. Robert Catterall, Vicar of St. Augustine's, Highbury, where Canon McCormick ministered before his removal to St. James's, Piccadilly. On a recent Sunday, in answer to an appeal from the Vicar for a sum of £1000, to be used in renovating and ventilating the church, the congregation raised a sum of £1810.

The Rev. Hugh Black, of St. George's United Free Church, Edinburgh, leaves for America at the end of this month, and will be absent until November. During the holiday season Mr. Black has been the preacher at

St. George's, in the absence of Dr. Whyte, and at every service the church has been crowded.

The Rev. G. Campbell Morgan has been addressing a great Baptist Convention at Chicago, and his public appearances in America are said to have been uniformly successful. In letters recently received in London he speaks hopefully of the future of his Northfield work.—V.

WRECK OF H.M.S.  
"VIPER."

The wreck of the *Viper* during the Naval Manœuvres has been the subject of a court-martial on board the flag-ship *Victory* at Portsmouth. Lieutenant Speke, in his account of the disaster, said that he left Portland early one afternoon with orders to reconnoitre Alderney and Guernsey, and to return and report the same evening. That meant speed, and he proceeded at twenty knots, sighting the Casquets as his first land after Portland. Alterations of course were made now and again to avoid dangers off Alderney, and to escape the notice of the enemy. Then the haze deepened into a dense mist, and the *Viper* struck a rock when at ten knots speed, breaking her propellers. Helplessly she drifted on to the rocks, carried by a tide estimated at two knots. The engine-rooms soon filled with water, and the abandonment of the wreck needs no justification from those who look at the photograph taken of it. The Lieutenant said he could only attribute the position of the ship on striking to an under-estimation of the local tides, which were at spring. This view the court also took, adding that insufficient precautions had been adopted to fix the ship's position by soundings. Considering, however, the important nature of the services in which he was

employed, they adjudged him to be merely reprimanded. The *Viper* was the first war-ship fitted with the Parsons marine turbines; she was built on the Tyne and launched in 1899. Her length was 210 feet; she had a displacement of 310 tons; and her speed was about forty-three miles an hour. The pains expended upon her as a sort of test-boat for naval service will not be forfeited by circumstances over which the builders had no control.



Photo, Legendre and Levick.

LAUNCH OF THE FIRST UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT SUBMARINE TORPEDO-BOAT, "ADDER,"  
ON JULY 22.

The vessel was built at the Crescent Shipbuilding Yard, Elizabeth Port, New Jersey, after the plans of the Holland Submarine Boat Company. She is the first of an order of six given by the United States Government, and the construction of similar boats is contemplated by the British Government.

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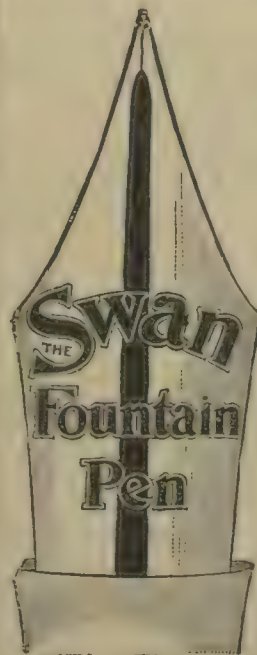
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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Aug. 28, 1899), with three codicils (dated Nov. 28, 1899, and Aug. 13 and Dec. 24, 1900), of Colonel Sir John Hardy Thursby, first Baronet, of Ormerod House, Burnley Holmhurst, Christchurch, and 37, Ennismore Gardens, who died on March 16, was proved on Aug. 10 by Sir John Ormerod Scarlett Thursby, Bart., the son, Robert Handsley, and Walter Southern, the executors, the value of the real and personal estate being £69,210. The testator, after confirming his marriage settlement, bequeaths to his wife, Dame Louisa Harriett Thursby, £1000, the use and enjoyment of Holmhurst, with the furniture therein, the farm stock there, and during her widowhood an annuity of £3000; to his eldest son, £1000, certain family portraits, and the furniture and domestic effects at Ormerod House, and the collieries, properties, and business carried on under the style of "the executors of John Harriett Thursby," with the book debts and capital and the freehold and leasehold properties; to his son George James the Ascot Cup won by Convent, his racing pictures, horses, guns, and dogs, and upon trust, for him £17,000; upon trust for his daughter Mrs. Violet Littledale, £10,000, and the leasehold premises, 26, Cranley Gardens; and, upon trust, for his daughter Mary Eleanor, £12,500, his residence, 37, Ennismore Gardens, and during the widowhood of Lady Thursby an annuity of £400. He further bequeaths £1000 to the Victoria Hospital for Burnley and District; £500 to Robert Handsley; and £300 each

to his other executors; £400 to Sarah Mary Ann Fraudentheil; and legacies to servants. On the death of his wife, he gives Holmhurst and the contents to his son George James, and certain plate between his two sons. His real and copyhold property is to follow the trusts of the settled family estates, and part of his plate is to devolve as heirlooms therewith. The residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his son George James and his two daughters.

The will (dated April 2, 1900), with a codicil dated Aug. 8 following, of Mr. James Lumb, J.P., D.L., of Homewood, Whitehaven, Cumberland, who died on May 14, was proved on July 31 at the Carlisle District Registry by Edward James Machell Lumb, the son, and Major George Hughes Le Fleming, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £179,076. The testator bequeaths £15,000 to his son Loftus-Gerard William Lumb; £20,000, upon trust, for his daughter Mrs. Constance Harriet Elizabeth Jefferson; £15,000, upon trust, for his daughter Helen Juliana Lumb; £200 to Major Le Fleming; and £100 to Sarah Graham. The residue of his property he leaves to his son Edward James Machell Lumb.

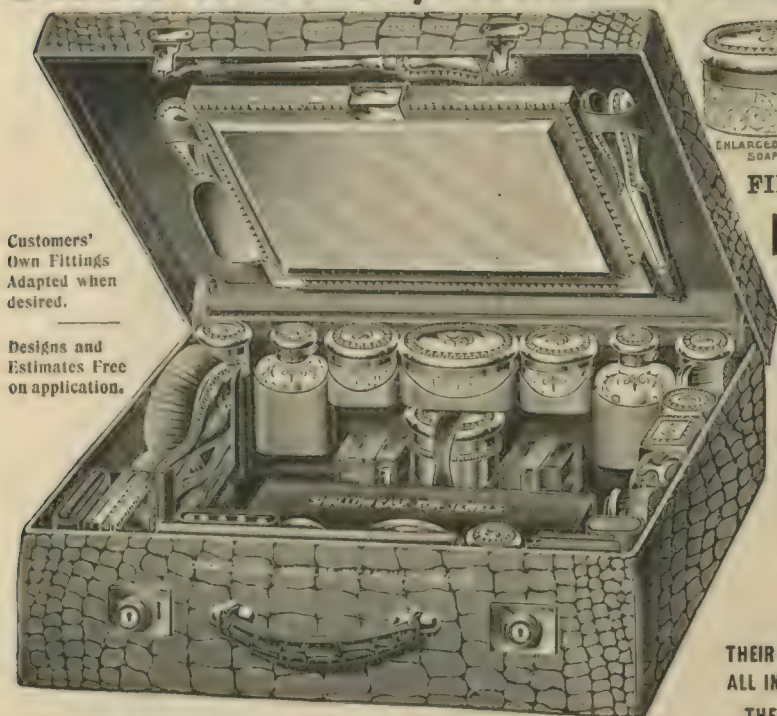
The will (dated March 25, 1899) of Mr. Samuel Pope, K.C., Recorder of Bolton, of 74, Ashley Gardens, who died on July 22, was proved on Aug. 6 by Charles Henry Mason and Frederick Walker, the executors, the value of the estate being £74,024. The testator bequeaths £1000 to his niece Margaret Bury; £500 each to his

executors; £2000 to his clerk, Charles Taylor Barlow; his furniture and household effects to his niece Elizabeth Bury; and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves as to two sixths to his niece Elizabeth Bury; two sixths to his niece Florence Maud Wright; one sixth to his nephews Samuel and William Rushton Pope and his niece Phebe Pope; and one sixth to the unmarried daughters of his sister Phebe Lankester.

The will (dated Sept. 27, 1898), with a codicil (dated June 29, 1900), of the Right Rev. William Stubbs, D.D., Bishop of Oxford, of The Palace, Cuddesdon, was proved on Aug. 12 by William Walter Stubbs and Launcelot Henlock Ascough Stubbs, the sons, and John Gamon, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £48,757. The testator gives £500, an annuity of £500, and such of his household furniture, etc., as she may select, to his wife, Margaret; £200 to his friend and chaplain, Ernest Edward Holmes; and the residue of his property between his children.

The will (dated Sept. 30, 1898) of the Rev. George Drinkwater Bourne, F.S.A., J.P., D.L., of Weston Subedge, Gloucester, Hon. Canon of Gloucester Cathedral, who died on Jan. 31, has been proved by the Rev. Francis Edward Broome Witts, the son-in-law, and Thomas Brocklebank, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £36,675. He gives £1000 and certain lands and premises in Gloucester, Warwick, Worcester, and Liverpool to his daughter Mrs. Margaret Hole Witts, and upon trust for her, £10,000 and £3200

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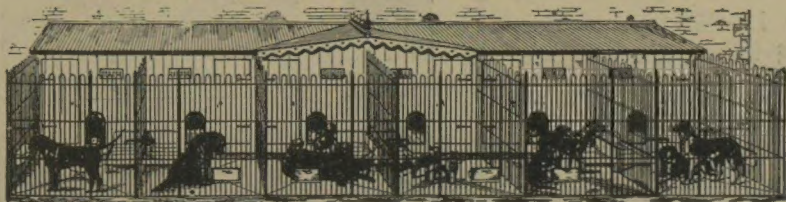
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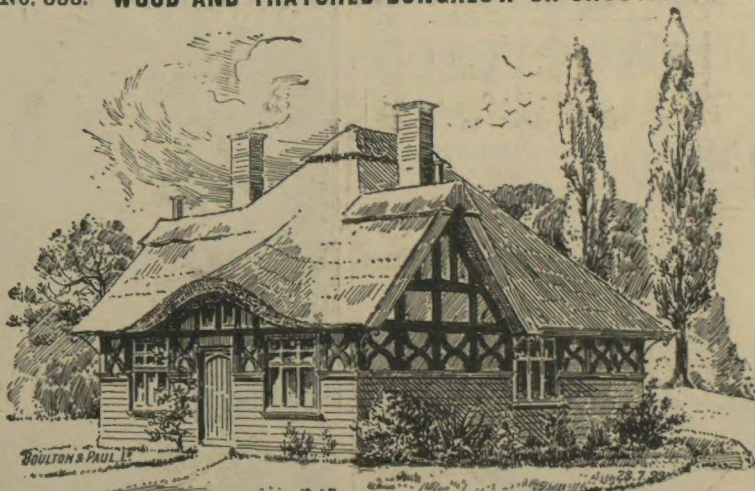
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Liverpool Corporation Stock; and an annuity of £40 to Frances Evans. The residue of his property he leaves to his daughter Louisa Moss Bourne.

The will (dated Feb. 16, 1898) of Mr. Stanley Leighton, of Sweeney Hall, Shropshire, M.P. for Oswestry since 1885, who died on May 4 at 70, Chester Square, was proved on July 31 by Lieutenant Bertie Edward Parker Leighton, 1st (Royal) Dragoons, the son and sole executor, the value of the estate being £28,524. The testator leaves all his property to his son.

The will (dated Oct. 11, 1894), with a codicil (dated May 1, 1901), of Mr. Ebenezer Ward, of 12, Routh Road, Wandsworth Common, late of the firm of Ward, Lock, and Co., Limited, publishers, who died on May 19, was

proved on Aug. 10 by Mrs. Elizabeth Ward, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the estate being £28,431. The testator bequeaths an annuity of £200 to his daughter Mary Ann; £300, £200 for such charitable purposes as she shall select, and his household furniture to his wife; £100 each to his sisters Lucy Ward, Anne Ward, and Harriet Hemas; £100 each to Benjamin Nash, Josiah Oldfield, and R. D. Lock; and other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then as to £1000 for his daughter Mary Ann, one third of the ultimate residue as his wife shall appoint, and one third each to his daughters Elizabeth Agnes and Ethel.

The will (dated June 17, 1896) of Mr. Jacob Walter,

of 9, Gloucester Square, who died on May 17, was proved on Aug. 9 by John Herbert Wicks, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £26,558. The testator leaves all his property to his wife, Mrs. Janet Josephine Walter, absolutely.

The will (dated April 3, 1895) of Mary, Viscountess Chetwynd, of Highcliffe, Lympton, Devon, who died on June 7, was proved on July 30 by the Rev. Henry Llewellyn Hussey, the brother, the value of the estate being £11,901. The testatrix gives certain diamond jewels to her niece Mary Louise Hussey; £100 each to her nephew Augustus Henry Hussey, her great-niece Muriel Evelyn Lushington, and her goddaughter Janet Douglas Hamilton; and the residue of her property to her said brother.

At some time or other every possessor of a camera has wished to take pictures of objects in rapid motion. He has become tired of his continual photographs of landscapes and still life, charming though they may be. He has wished, perhaps, to secure some souvenirs of sports he has attended—of a hundred different things; and, in spite of all his care he has been rewarded by failure. The accompanying picture shows the photographer that for such failures his apparatus is to blame.

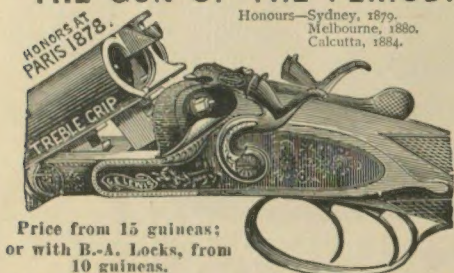
To the sportsman this photographic reproduction must be extremely interesting, and it is one from a new catalogue issued by C. P. GOERZ, dealing with his Anschutz Folding Camera (the instrument with which this striking picture was obtained). This catalogue, which is one of the finest ever produced in the photographic trade, is crowded from end to end with pictures equally novel—views both of London and on the Continent, of the Queen's Funeral, horsemanship and golfing pictures.

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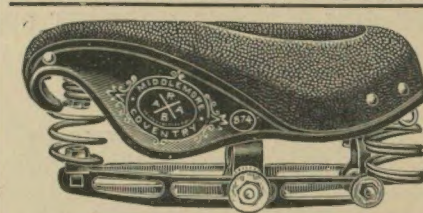
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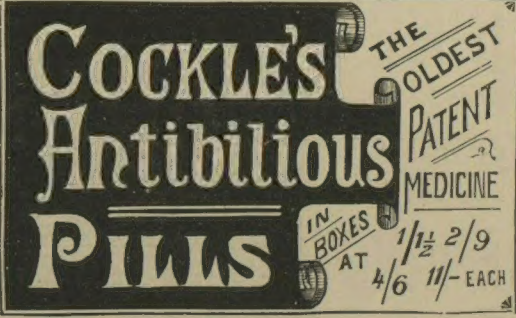
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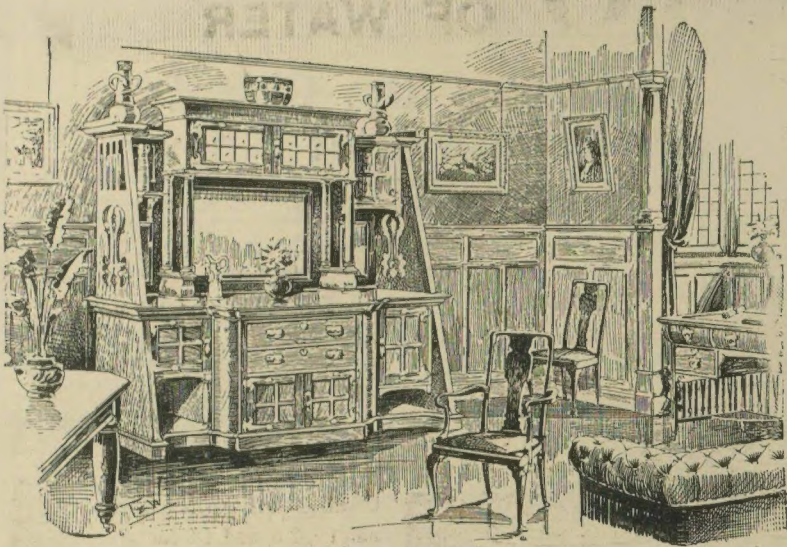


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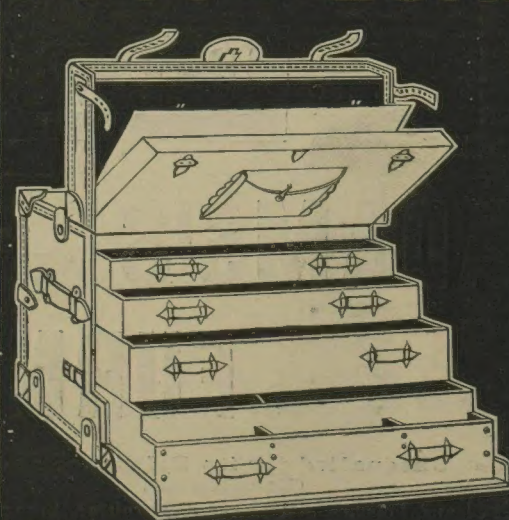
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